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By the men . . . for the men in the service

ARMY NURSE

The Ninth Army's Break-Through to the Rhine

As Ninth Army soldiers advance, civilians evacuate this front-line German town. The grim housewife at left still wears her apron and is carrying a loaf of bread.

The speed of our advance was almost as much of a surprise to us as it was to the befuddled Jerries.

This is part of the steady stream of German prisoners being marched under guard to prisoner-of-war camps while the Yanks were driving from the Roer to the

Roer to Rhine

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE NINTH ARMY AT THE RHINE—In a comfortable-looking living room, dirty, bearded doughfeet were puffing on liberated German cigars, discussing interesting characteristics of the different women of the world. Stretched out on a sofa, the platoon sergeant was talking over the telephone.

"Listen, sister," he said, "this is a very damned important call. I have a personal message from the citizens of the Bronx to *Der Fuehrer* himself. Ring him again. I don't care how busy he is."

Everyone in the room temporarily forgot the conversation about women and gathered around the sergeant. The sergeant put the receiver in the center of the group so that all could hear the excited German guttural of the telephone operator.

When they finally stopped laughing, the sergeant said, "I guess they still don't know we took this town."

The Ninth Army sweep from the Roer to the Rhine was so fast that the Nazis didn't know where we were coming from or where we were going or even where we were.

As for us, it was like fever. The speed of it even excited some of the battle-weary boys—cartoonist Bill Mauldin's fugitives from the law of averages.

To the different guys it was the St. Lo breakout, the push up southern France, the race to Rome, the smash across Sicily and the final phase of the Tunisian campaign.

They were all talking like this: "Well, maybe this is it. Maybe we'll meet the Russians in Berlin next week. Maybe we'll all be home in a couple of months. Maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe. . . ."

In the cellar underneath the rubble of Roerich, the general stared at a map, his face shining like a bridegroom's on his wedding night.

"Look where they are now," he said, pointing to a mark on the map. "Hell, they're 12 miles in front of the front."

He was talking about Task Force Church of the 84th Division, made up of beaucoup tanks and truck-loaded troops. At 0700 that morning they took off and just kept going. Whenever they bumped into any SP fire from either flank, they just detrucked some troops, detoured some tanks to mop up and continued to move forward as fast as they could.

Now, only four hours later, they were away in front of everybody. On the map their push looked like a skinny long finger.

Before the day was over, the skinny finger had reached out and captured a rear-echelon German repple depple complete with staff, personnel and more than 100 replacements. Poking around the Nazi rear, the finger also grabbed a whole enemy field-artillery battalion, intact.

The most indignant of all the Nazi artillery officers was the paymaster. "It isn't fair," he protested in German. "You were not supposed to capture me. This wasn't supposed to be a front."

But the front was everywhere. It was sprawling like a fresh ink blot. As soon as the Nazis would try to rush reserves to one sore spot, we would bust out somewhere else. Then the whole front almost completely disintegrated into space.

"I am going nuts here," said an arm-waving MP at the crossroads. "Everybody asks me where this outfit is and where that outfit is. Hell, I don't even know where my own outfit is. One of the boys just passed through this morning and said they were moving, and he didn't know where."

Then he told about a buddy of his who had it even tougher. He was detailed to a guard yard filled with several hundred PWs; then suddenly the detachment got orders to pull out and they forgot all about this guy. Later that afternoon the tired, worried, hungry MP approached Capt. Horace Sutton of New York, N. Y., and the 102d Division, and said: "Look, Captain. I don't know where my outfit is. I don't know if I am getting any relief. And I don't know what to do with all these prisoners. Can you help me?"

Prisoners poured in from everywhere. Long convoys of trucks were packed with them. Hundreds and hundreds of others walked back carrying their own wounded. Occasionally a column of frontward-marching Yanks would pass by a backward-marching column of Jerries. Sometimes there would be a stirring silence. But every once in a while you could hear the doughfeet talk it up:

"Jeez, some of them are babies, just lousy babies."

"Why don't you goose-step now, you sons of bitches."

"And to think that they may send some of those bastards back to the States. Why don't they just keep them here? There's plenty of cities to rebuild."

"Just what is your opinion now of the general world situation, Mr. Kraut?"

ALMOST 3,500 refugees from all over the world crowded together in the huge courtyard in Erkelenz. All of them had been doing slave labor of one kind or another for the Nazis.

"You are now under the supervision of the American Military Government," said Eugene Hugo of St. Louis, Mo. "We will feed you and take care of you until we are able to get you back to your native country."

He made his explanation in English and then translated it into French, German and Russian. The refugees just stood there entranced, as if they were listening to some great wonderful music. Finally one Russian woman broke out hysterically, sobbing, "We have been waiting for this for four years. For four years. . . ."

Erkelenz had been taken only that morning but it was already so rear echelon that the only outfits in town by night were some Quartermaster and service troops. Some QM boys were wandering around in and out of cellars of some of the houses, hunting for liquid refreshment that might have been overlooked, when they stumbled onto a cellar full of Germans. Sitting right next to the Jerries was a pile of unused hand grenades.

The kidneys of the Quartermaster boys almost started functioning again then and there, but the Germans only wanted

Camouflaged Ninth Army tank destroyers move through the broken streets of Muenchen-Gladbach.

to be friends. They explained that they had tried to surrender all day long but nobody wanted to stop long enough to pick them up. So they came down to this cellar, waiting impatiently for somebody to come downstairs so that they could surrender and get something to eat.

They couldn't understand it. Why were the Americans in such a hurry?

It wasn't a breeze everywhere. There were plenty of spots where the Krauts decided to stay put until they were *kaput*. There was this flat, 5,000-yard-long field partially surrounded by a semicircle of thick woods. Planted in the woods were a dozen AT guns, plus some liberally scattered SP guns and machine-gun nests and tanks. The guns were all pointed, waiting and ready for the American armor to try and get through.

G-2 of the 5th Armored knew what the score was, but alternative detours would take too much time, and a slow, slugging battle would be too expensive in the long run, and besides these enemy guns had to be knocked out anyway. So the tank boys just raced across the field at full speed, their guns firing. Not all the tanks made it. Some got hit on the run; others bogged down in the mud and sat like dead ducks until the Nazi AT guns picked them apart and burned them up.

When the show was over, after the last tank had swept past the field, there were no more AT guns in operation, no more SP guns or enemy tanks either. The 5th Armored boys also shot up two American light tanks which the Germans were using minus the USA insignia.

Frenchmen walked down the road, wearing their blue berets and their neat, frayed pants. There had been a strict shortage of MPs, so much so that one MP was often detailed to bring back 300 prisoners all by himself. When these ex-French soldiers volunteered their services, all of them were given K-rations and deputized as prison guards. You could see satisfied expressions on their faces when they prodded the Nazis to walk a little faster.

"It is nice to have a gun pointed the other way," one of them said in French.

There was a lot of cheek-kissing, French style, when the XIII Corps liaison officer, Capt. George Kaminski, spotted one of the incoming French refugees. The two of them had been in the same Infantry company four years before. Now the liaison officer told the refugee about their mutual buddies: this one was wounded and is running a perfume shop in Paris, this other one is down in Colmar, somebody else is dead.

BEFORE the Roer jump-off, our troops had found just as many dead Germans as live ones in these tiny rubbled towns. But Muenchen-Gladbach was different. It was full of live Germans, estimated at 75,000. And practically all of them were trying to butter up to us and sneak inside our sympathies. Especially the women, who felt their favors were worth bartering for food.

"Nazi officers had their own women living here with them," said Capt. Bennett Pollard of Baltimore, Md., at the CP of the 1st Battalion, 175th Regiment of the 29th Division. The CP was a complicated network of hallways and cellars, with triple-decker steel beds for the enlisted men and separate rooms for the officers.

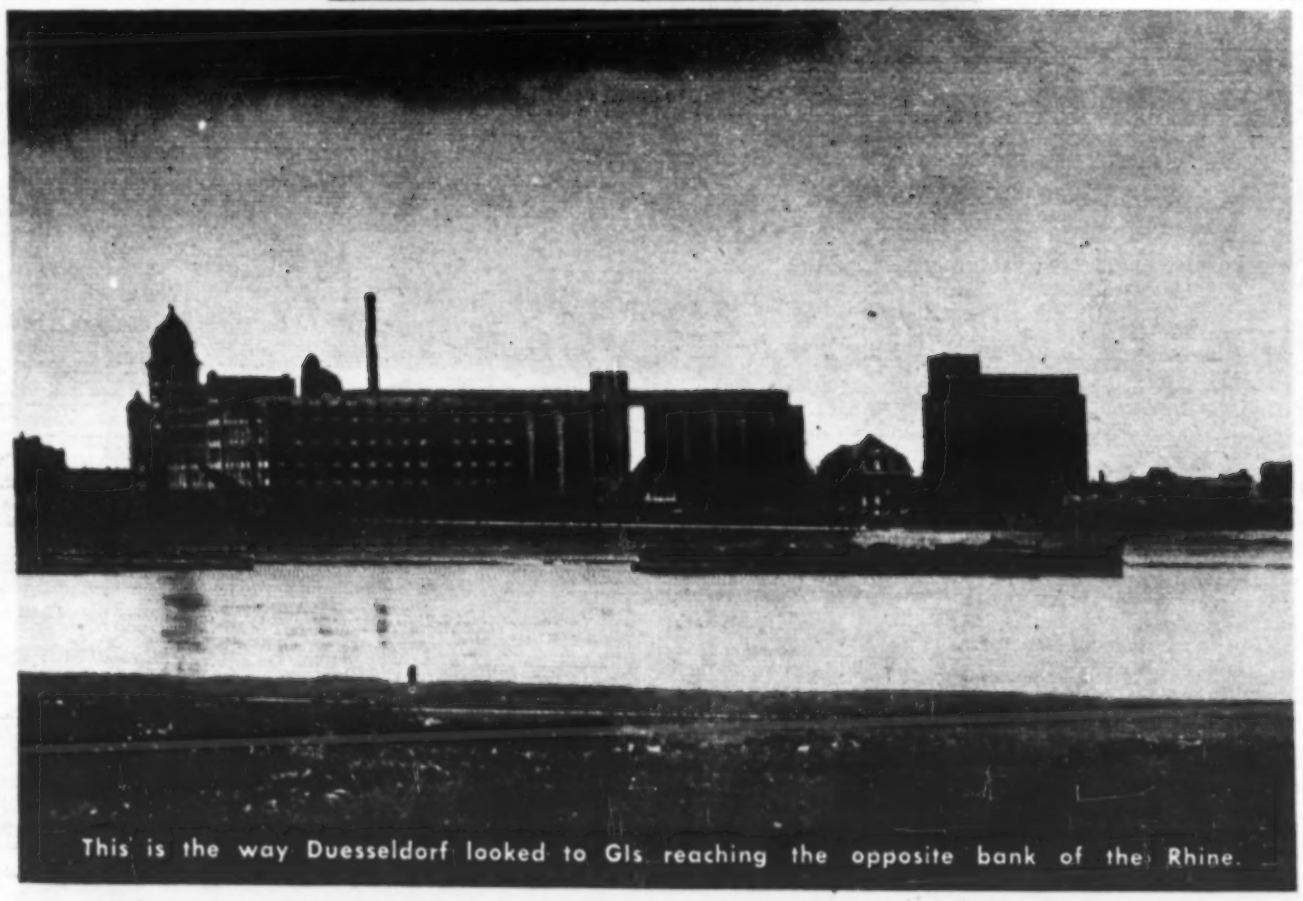
The Nazi CO had a private blonde, who was still there when the troops came into the city during the night. Capt. Pollard held up a flimsy nightgown that he had found on the Nazi's bed. "I guess we really surprised them all right," he said.

The captain told how absolutely still it was when they marched in, how they heard nothing except their marching. There had been no sniping, and the only isolated case of enemy activity was the report of two *teller* mines being placed on tank treads on the roads during the night. They had been discovered in time.

Everything was smooth and easy so far. Too smooth, he said.

Enemy artillery fire knocked out this U. S. medium tank which burns in a German field.

These two Germans, a man and a boy, were captured with Nazis fighting at the front.



This is the way Duesseldorf looked to GIs reaching the opposite bank of the Rhine.

THERE was nothing smooth about the push into Neuss, which sits smack on the Rhine, just opposite Duesseldorf.

Outside the town, the Krauts had built a big embankment near the railroad tracks, and they studded it with their small, accurate mortars and fast-firing machine guns. After considerable artillery preparation the doggies of Able, Baker and Charley Companies of the 1st Battalion, 329th Regiment of the 83d Division, finally swept through it at 0300 with marching fire. They just walked in and kept shooting.

They kept shooting even when they came down the Neuss main street because the houses were filled with snipers. Within the next few hours, some of the Germans ran into the cellars and were burrowed out by hand grenades; some of them just continued firing all day long, killing some doughs, and then, when they ran out of ammo, came out smiling cheerfully, ready to surrender; and some of these *Volksturm* boys just conned the situation, stopped shooting, took the *Volksturm* armbands off their civilian clothes and ran outside with bottles of cognac to greet the American liberators.

"We caught a couple of those bastards in the act," said the battalion CO, Lt. Col. Tim Cook of Snyder, Tex. "I had a tough time trying to stop my boys from shooting the whole bunch of them.

"These people seem to think that if they take down their Nazi flags and scratch out Hitler's face on the big portrait on the wall of their front parlor they're automatically anti-Nazis and our bosom buddies. I just don't trust any of these bastards."

The first day in Neuss was typical of a whole week's war.

Civilians were strutting around town, not paying any attention to snipers' bullets, well knowing that they weren't targets. Shells were dropping in the town's outskirts, near the river, only a few blocks away, and every once in a while the soldiers around the city square would look around for doorways to run into. But most of the guys didn't seem to be worried too much. A few of them were tinkering with a nonworking deserted civilian auto. Several dozen others were riding around on bicycles. Some were even wearing top hats.

If you wanted to see the Rhine River and Duesseldorf, you had to go to the noisy, unhealthy part of town and climb to the top of one of the big buildings.

Somebody told us where a good spot was—two blocks down, turn right. You can't miss it.

A window in the top-floor toilet was the 3d Battalion OP. From there you could not only see Duesseldorf and the big bridge over the Rhine, but you could also see the war almost as clearly as if it were a play and you were sitting in the eighth row center.

You could see the Krauts dug in for a last-ditch stand in front of the bridge (which was scheduled to be blown up soon), and you could see our guys ducking and running and falling flat. And you could see mortar fire falling among them. During all this, on the floor below us, some old women were scrubbing floors, occasionally staring at the visiting American soldiers with expressionless faces.

Back at the center of the town, sitting behind a heavy machine gun, Pfc. John Becraft of Brooklyn, N. Y., and C Company didn't seem to give much of a damn about the Rhine.

"I'd rather see the Hudson," he said.

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IWO: D+8

A tour of the beach from the garrison atmosphere of one end to the bloody combat of the other.

By Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE MARINES ON IWO JIMA—On D-Day-plus-8 the southeastern end of Iwo Jima had very nearly gone garrison. This had been the invasion beach—the stretch of sand running down from Motoyama Airfield No. 2 to the foot of Mount Suribachi. On D-day the road paralleling the beach had been covered with mines and tank traps. Beyond the beach were Jap machine-gun nests and snipers. And the advancing Americans headed into one of the worst mortar and artillery bombardments in Pacific warfare.

Now MPs ordered marines to police up around their foxholes; higher brass was rumored to be coming for a visit. Some junior officers already snapped Rotary Club salutes at their superiors. A brand new eight-holer had been constructed. Rear-echelon troops were going AWOL to Mount Suribachi to hunt souvenirs in the caves.

The beach was busy and confused. Ducks, amtracks, weasels, bulldozers and trucks puffed clouds of dust as they struggled from one area to another. Huge cranes looked like robot giraffes as they moved cargo from LSMs, LCMs and LSTs. Men sweated and cursed and wrangled, trying to push their freight ahead of someone else's. An officer's sedan on the road looked as out of place as a dowager in a bawdy house.

There was a Seabee camp on the beach, and below it bulldozers leveled the land and 10 men with shovels dug graves. A surveying crew took measurements to fix the exact resting place of each body. Behind a line of freshly dug earth were several rows of filled-in graves. Above each grave was a dog tag on a pointed stick. Later the sticks would be replaced by white crosses. A few marines passed between the rows examining the dog tags for the names of their friends.

Pallbearers carried bodies shrouded in green broadcloth to the graves and then returned for more. A lieutenant asked Pvt. John W. Conloy of Le Roy, N. Y., in charge of a pallbearer detail, for a receipt. Conloy handed him a slip of paper identifying the last body buried. "It's too bad, but you can't even get buried without a receipt," the lieutenant said.

To the northeast was an artillery post. The artillerymen had come in at 0300 on D-plus-1 and had fired an average of 350 rounds a day since landing. Now they were resting while Sgt. Walter T. Edwards of Lakeland, Fla., received telephoned instructions.

"The first patrol is going into a new village," Sgt. Edwards said.

"That must be where all those geisha girls are," said Cpl. George T. Delta of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., one of the crew members. "I hear they got 400 of them."

There was talk about the geisha girls, and then Sgt. Edwards listened more attentively to his earphones.

"Okay, let's go," he shouted. The crewmen jumped to their positions. "Change the deflection right, one-three-four—fire!"

Across from the artillery post was a dump piled with boxes of D- and C-rations. Cpl. Floyd M. Barton of Sarasota, Fla., sat on a box, marking figures on a pad. He had no helmet and his face puckered in a frown of concentration that was not interrupted by the boom of the gun nearby. His job was distributing rations, and he thought Iwo Jima was a better place to distribute rations than either Saipan or Guam, where he had been before. "It's cooler and there aren't so many insects," he said. The rations were picked up at his dump by trucks that carried them as far to the front as they could go. Then the boxes went the rest of the way on men's backs.

Road traffic dwindled as you moved north. Pfc. Steve A. Trochek of Clairton, Pa., lay on his back on the bank between the road and the first airstrip, repairing a communications line. He had been in the front lines for five days as an artillery observer and was working in the rear area as a rest. The line he mended led directly to the front where he expected to return in the morning.

Just two days before, the front lines had straddled this first airstrip, and already souvenir hunters had searched through the ruins of Jap fighter planes and bombers strewn across runways and hard stands. A grader worked on one end of the field, and bulldozers, tractors and other graders had been moved up to prepare the base for our own bombers. Pfc. Darrel J. Farmer of Broken Bow, Nebr., ran a grader he had brought in almost before the Japs moved out. He started his work under mortar and sniper fire, but it was quieter now. "We'll have the field ready in two days," he told bystanders.

Farther up, Pvt. John R. Dober of Milwaukee, Wis., operated a magnetic mine detector. He was as careful with it as a housewife with a new vacuum cleaner. He had to comb over every foot of the road to make sure it was safe for the bulldozers that would follow.

A battalion aid station was set up in a clearing above where Dober was working. Corpsmen gave plasma to two marine casualties. Less than an hour had passed since they had been wounded. In another 30 minutes they would be aboard a hospital ship.

A medical officer, just back from the forward CP, told Floyd M. Jenkins CPhM of Altus, Okla., to prepare to move the station 100 yards closer to the next ridge. "They've been going like hell today," he said, "and they're shoving off again at 1240."

Souvenir hunters were already at work.

At the top of the ridge the road blended into the sandy plain. Fighting had been vicious here. An American heavy tank lay flopped over on one side, its turret hurled 30 yards away by a land mine. The gunner, carried away by the turret, had been butchered by a jagged piece of iron. Arms, legs and bodies of other members of the crew had been twisted as badly as their tank.

Half a dozen American bodies were piled a few yards above the tank. They were covered with ponchos and shelter halves, and from beneath the covers one clenched fist jutted belligerently. American dead lay everywhere. This battlefield was so new there had been no time to clear it.

Beyond another ridge were the front-line reserve troops. They crouched in foxholes and talked quietly. They inspected their weapons and occasionally fired them to make sure they worked. They chewed on fig bars and smoked cigarettes and pawed the dirt restlessly with their feet. Beyond them were the front lines.

COMPARED with the noise, bickering and confusion that surrounded the southern (garrison) end of the beach, the front lines were peaceful. On D-Day-plus-8 we were just in front of Airfield No. 2 and about 700 yards from Sandy Ridge, the last major objective on the island. The battlefield was a flat, desertlike plain with no hills, shrubbery or trees for protection, and it was dominated from the ridge by Jap machine guns, snipers and mortars.

We made headway slowly. Every yard advanced was an individual problem. It was a battle of single-man charges from one foxhole to another. A man would crouch silently in a shelter and look across the sand to a foxhole ahead. He would watch the other men try to reach that foxhole, and he would figure the angle and range of the machine-gun and sniper fire that sputtered to stop them. After watching enough of the others advance successfully, the man would try to make it himself. But when one marine failed, it was a psychological hazard for everyone else.

There were too many failures. There were too many marines sprawled in the dirt with caked blood on their fatigue coats.

The field was a space of great silences. There was no conversation about the war and no cursing or bickering. When a man stumbled into a foxhole, the men who were there automatically made room for him. When he decided to leave, there was no melodramatic well-wishing. When enemy bullets dropped a man, he went down like a character in a silent picture—there were no groans or calls for help. It was a hushed pantomime of war which the sounds from machine guns, sniper fire and mortars seemed to accentuate.

Cpl. D. J. Mason, a rifleman from Lincoln Park, Mich., watched from behind a sand dune on the edge of the field. Since early morning he had been moving slowly ahead with the riflemen. He was a reconnaissance man, and it was his job to see that no unnecessary gaps occurred between his regiment and the one on its flank. Since D-Day he had been advancing yard by yard, exactly as he was advancing on D-plus-8. He figured out beforehand every dash he made between one foxhole and another. So far he had figured right. Now the vanguard patrols were beyond his range of vision and it was time to dash again.

He studied the next foxhole carefully and then he studied the ridge from which a machine gun and two snipers fired consistently at anyone who tried to reach the hole. Dirt had splattered dangerously about the feet of two corpsmen as they slid into the foxhole a moment before. A dead marine who had made the wrong calculation lay several feet to the right of the hole.

Mason rolled his tongue in his mouth as his mind worked on the problem. Then he grabbed his rifle and hurled himself toward his objective, his feet pounding out a wake of dust and ashes. As he approached the shelter the machine gun spoke sharply and the sniper's bullet pinged over his head. Then he smashed into the hole. A moment later he crawled carefully up the embankment on the other side.

He had figured right again.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Lend-Lease Art

EASTERN COMMAND, USSTAF, SOMEWHERE IN THE SOVIET UNION—Reverse lend-lease in the form of a good-will gesture was made here recently when 1st Sgt. Peter F. Sabakar of the Red Army painted a portrait of President Roosevelt to accompany one of Marshal Stalin. Both portraits now hang on the stage of a theater built jointly by American and Russian GIs.

Sgt. Sabaker, a self-taught artist, did the job in one day from a photograph that appeared in *Stars & Stripes*. He has been in the Soviet Army since the beginning of the war, was awarded the Medal for Courage and was recently retired from active duty because of a bad bullet wound in his hand.

—Sgt. SAMUEL CHAVKIN
YANK Field Correspondent

1st Sgt. Morris Hornstein (center) turns postman for Pfc. Godin (left) and Pfc. Cerrato outside The Tent.

Home Is Where You Make It

NEW HEBRIDES—In the beginning it was just another GI pyramidal tent. Now it's known as The Tent and is the home of Pfc. Gerald Godin of Auburn, Maine, and Pfc. Mike Cerrato of New York City. It has easy chairs, a chicken yard, vegetable and flower gardens and even a mailbox.

Around the front is a white picket fence, with a latticed arch for a gateway. The tent has neatly screened sidewalls. The smooth floor is painted red and white in a checkerboard design. On one side is a kitchen cabinet, equipped with a Coleman stove. On another side is a writing desk with chair to match. About the only things lacking are a piano and the little woman.

The furniture was all made by Godin, a former shipyard worker. Cerrato is responsible for the landscaping details.

Oh, yes. There is also a boarder. He's the first sergeant, who came to dinner one night and has lived there ever since.

—Sgt. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Rough on Rats

MINDORO, PHILIPPINES—Before the war, the owner of the land on which this AAF Squadron built its camp spent $13,000 to clear the area of rats. He was not successful.

The rat situation is so bad on the field that special measures have had to be devised. The I & E Section advertised for a cat because rats were eating their recordings. T/Sgt. Robert C. Wilson and T/Sgt. Lloyd R. Newton built an electronic rat trap, which can electrocute 10 rats at a time. They bait their trap with pork, bacon, corn kernels or cookies. They refuse to use bully beef because they say they don't want to torture the rats, they just want to kill them.

Right now the two men are working on a new model with a mirror arrangement and light beam, to check the height, weight and resistance of each rat. The measuring devices will be hooked onto a voltmeter, which will give small jolts to small rats and large jolts to large rats. The inventors say the saving in juice will be sensational.

T-5 Robert J. Keegan is another who considers the use of bully beef for bait unsportsmanlike. He believes, however, that it is unbeatable in its tin jacket for individual combat with the enemy. In an official combat report, written after an engagement with a rat that was after a sandwich Keegan was eating, he wrote: "The enemy came up from 7 o'clock. I executed an evasive turn, completed it with a snap roll to the left and, as expected, found the enemy in my sights. I used a deflection shot consisting of one two-second burst from my bully-beef can. The enemy took the burst square in the motor and spiraled and when last seen was flaming toward the ground. My camera was not functioning at the time, but Flt. Lt. (T-5 Leon) Shippie, my wing man, will confirm the victory."

The squadron newspaper, *Mud-n-Dust*, spoke for everyone when it said in a flaming editorial: "We will fight them in our tents; we will fight them in the company streets; in the latrine; the mess hall. We will never surrender!"

—Sgt. RAY FORER
YANK Field Correspondent

Amazon Valley Post

SOMEWHERE IN THE AMAZON VALLEY—This emergency-landing strip is 300 miles from nowhere in a land nobody wants, but it is home to the GIs stationed here.

The oldest living resident, S/Sgt. Lonnie Williams of Indianapolis, Ind., has sweated it out for 16 months. The nearest settlement is Amapa, which can be reached by a two-hour boat ride through crocodile- and snake-infested swamps. It consists only of a couple of rows of native grass shacks.

Hunting leads the extra-curricular pastimes. One day some GIs brought back a 17-foot anaconda weighing 187 pounds. Other game includes crocodiles, panthers and leopards.

The climate is also ducky. Rainfall during the December-April season exceeds 160 inches. The entire area becomes a sticky steaming bog, and clothing, bedding, everything mildews. Barracks are built up on pilings like the native huts.

There is a meagerly stocked PX, movies are shown two or three times a week and the chow isn't bad. But that's all, brother. That's all.

—Sgt. DON COOKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Chocolate Soldier

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, ITALY—Sgt. Charles Hooper of Woodsfield, Ohio, is not a mess sergeant. He is NCO in charge of a gun section with the 175th Field Artillery, 34th Division. All of which is probably why he has had enough imagination to defy the instructions on his ration wrappers and develop a new dish for winter warfare.

The wrapper on the chocolate bars shipped to the Fifth Army front read "Tropical Chocolate." Sgt. Hooper could read and he knew he wasn't in the tropics. "It just didn't seem to apply here," says Sgt. Hooper. "Since it didn't apply here, I decided to make ice cream out of mine. I chipped the bar up fine, mixed it with some condensed milk and topped it off with some good, clean snow. When I whipped the mixture up, out in the cold, it became ice cream." As easy as that.

—Cpl. NATHAN S. LEVY
YANK Field Correspondent

A Difference in Rank

WITH THE FIRST CONVOY TO CHINA OVER THE LEDO-BURMA ROAD—At one of the many parties thrown for the officers and men of the convoy on its way through China, a member of the Chinese Army was placed as host at each table of GIs.

At one table a GI driver began calling the Chinese Army man "Butch" and getting very chummy, although neither could speak more than a few words of the other's language. Finally the host asked the GI, "What is your commission in the Army, sir?"

The GI grinned and replied, "Corporal. What's yours, Butch?"

The Chinese Army man had to get an interpreter to find out what the GI said, then he answered, "Lieutenant general, sir."

"Geez," said the GI later. "It's good he doesn't know what a corporal is."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Jap Atrocity

WITH THE 41ST DIVISION, THE PHILIPPINES—Men of the 186th Infantry, who captured Puerto Princessa Palattan, the westernmost point thus far in our Pacific advance, unearthed three huge pits filled with the charred bodies of Jap-massacred American PWs.

The story of what happened to these men was told by nine of their number who escaped. One was Pvt. Glenn Weddell McDole, who fought with the 4th Marines on Corregidor. McDole stated that the 40 Americans had congregated in pits used as air-raid shelters, after the air-raid warning had sounded.

"Then I looked out of my pit and saw a Jap captain come running followed by about 50 Jap soldiers armed with light machine guns and rifles and carrying buckets. I ducked back into my pit, when all of a sudden an explosion sounded, and I heard men screaming and the sound of machine guns. One man looked out of the pit and said, 'They are murdering the men in A Company pit.' I looked out and saw one man coming out in a sheet of flame, and he was shot down with a machine gun."

McDole and some others managed to get out of their pit through a prepared escape hatch, just before the Japs threw a bucket of gasoline and a torch into it. They hid under a pile of rubble on the beach as the Japs went up and down killing all the prisoners they could find.

"About 30 meters down the beach I could see six Japs with an American in the center who was being slowly tortured with bayonets while another Jap joined the group with a bucket and torch. The American screamed in such a high voice I could hear him. Then I could see them pour gasoline on one foot and burn it, then the other until he collapsed. Then they poured gasoline on his body and set it afire."

The nine prisoners known to have escaped swam the bay and were picked up by guerrillas. The statements made by all—some sailors, some marines and some soldiers—were identical except for minor details.

—Cpl. JOHN F. McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALTITUDE. GIs of the Seventh Army in France pay a visit to Georges Kieffer, "Giant of Alsace." He is 8 feet 6½ inches tall, weighs 268 pounds and wears a size 26 shoe. The Nazis didn't draft him because they figured his upkeep would cost too much.

James Dallas was changed from "deferred" to 1-A.

Anthony Gentile, 27, is a 4-F with a punctured eardrum.

Stewart Kent is a discharged combat veteran.

Why Ain't They in Uniform?

Everybody overseas asks that about the young civilians at home. Here are a few of their answers to the big question.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"How many guys are there still left in civilian clothes back home?" and "Why?" are two questions servicemen overseas ask sooner or later.

I've often wanted to stop some rugged-looking character in civilian clothes and ask those questions myself. Recently I had the chance. With a photographer big enough to take care of any situation that might arise if some character figured I was calling him a draft dodger, I came here to Providence, stood on one of the busiest street corners in town for an hour and talked with the first male civilians of draft age who came along.

The corner was at Dorrance and Washington Streets, in the downtown section.

The first man who came along was Anthony Gentile, a tall, worried-looking man with glasses. He's 27 years old and a former bartender and lives in Providence. He's a 4-F because he has a punctured eardrum.

"Listen," he said, "you think it's easy for a guy my age not to be in the Army? You think I'm having a good time? Every place I go people spit on me, like. I didn't ask they shouldn't put me in. They said to me, 'Go home, you're no good to us.' That's a fine thing to tell a guy. I didn't even know I got a punctured eardrum. It don't bother me at all, I tell them, but they don't want to listen to me. They say I should go home."

Some time ago bartenders, along with other workers like perfume salesmen and attendants in men's rooms, were declared by the War Manpower Commission to be unessential to the war effort.

"All right, so I'm not essential," said Gentile. "So I go out and get a job in a war plant. I can make a pretty good Martini and draw a neat glass of beer, but about other things I don't know. So I get a job as a floorman. That's what they call it, but it turns out to be pushing a wheelbarrow. Lemme tell you, a guy don't get the feeling he's killing Germans or Japs just pushing a wheelbarrow around. And every place you go, if you ain't wearing a uniform, they spit on you, like. I keep going back to my draft board asking them they should take me in, but they just laugh at me and say I should go home."

A young, healthy-looking fellow wearing a good topcoat and carrying a brief case came down Dorrance Street. He would have looked good in a uniform. He laughed when I asked him how come he wasn't wearing one. He threw open his coat and on the lapel of his blue-serge suit there was a winged discharge button.

"I wore a uniform for 26 months," he said, "and then they wanted it back so I gave it to them, because who am I to quarrel with them?"

He was Stewart Kent, 25 years old, of East Providence. He's a former tech sergeant with the Fifteenth Air Force, which used him as a gunner and radio operator in Italy and North Africa.

"I made 48 missions," he said, "and then I guess my nerves gave out on me or something, and they sent me back home." He came back with the Air Medal and nine Oak Leaf Clusters. He's working as a paint salesman now and doing pretty good.

"It's no wonder you stopped me," he said, "because there are a lot of guys who are out and don't wear their discharge buttons too conspicuously. It gives me a laugh sometimes when I see people looking at me as if they're wondering why I'm not in uniform."

The next man along looked within the draft age. He turned out to be Fred E. Magee, 44 years old but younger looking. He proved Stewart Kent's point about discharge buttons by flipping back his overcoat. There was a gold emblem on his suit too. "I enlisted in the Navy in 1942 and I was a QM2c in the Admiralty Islands, the Solomons and Guadalcanal in the Pacific," he said.

Magee got out on a dependency discharge and now works for the Pullman Company here.

A husky youngster walked up. "Hey, soldier," he said, "d'ya happen to know where the Navy Recruiting Office is?"

He wanted Navy Recruiting, he said, because he was going to enlist. He was Ernest Dube of Providence. "I was 17 years old last June and I got permission from my mother and father to enlist," he said.

"I been a rigger at the Newport Torpedo Station for 18 months. Why? Because I wanted to do what I could to help win the war, that's why. I was going to enlist last June, as soon as I got to be 17, but I broke my leg and I couldn't. My leg is fine now; it's stronger than the other one. Then I was gonna enlist two months ago, but geez, I couldn't get a day off to go to the recruiting office."

James Dallas, who is 27 and lives in West Haven, Conn., came along Dorrance Street. He's married and has a child.

"Right after Pearl Harbor," he said, "I went to the Navy and asked to be put into the Seabees. I'm an electrical expert, and I inspect electrical material for the New Haven Railroad. My brother-in-law went to the Navy with me. They took him, but they turned me down because my teeth weren't good enough."

Dallas has a couple of plates and the Navy told him to go home and wait. If the war continued, they told him, maybe his draft board would call him; anyway, the Navy didn't want him then. When his draft board did call him, the New Haven Railroad got him a deferment. Every six months after that, when the draft board called Dallas again, the railroad got him another deferment.

"I didn't want them to," he said, "but the railroad officials kept telling me that I was doing an important war job and that the railroad needed me and that without railroads the country couldn't fight a war. Well, I guess that's so, all right, but even so, a fellow my age doesn't feel right about staying out. Men older than myself have been called.

"My last deferment has until May yet, but last January my draft board called me and put me in 1-A, and I've just taken my physical and this time it doesn't matter about my teeth. I'm going in in a couple of weeks, and I'm glad about it. I only hope I can get into the Seabees, because I think that's where I can do the most good."

The next civilian to come along was Guido Lorenzo, 29. "Listen Mac," he said, "whaddaya mean why ain't I in uniform?" He flipped open his coat. He had a discharge button on his suit. "Know what that is?"

He had been in the Air Force, with the 326th Fighter Squadron at Santa Rosa, Calif., for almost two years, until July 1944, when they gave him a medical discharge. He's now working in Providence as a maintenance man for the New England Butt Company, which is engaged in the manufacture of war materiel.

Just as the hour was up, a lanky young fellow ambled up to the corner. He said his name was Victor Gold. "Why haven't I got a uniform on?" he repeated in amazement. "Gee whiz," he said, "I'm not old enough. People keep asking me all the time why I'm not in the Army or Navy. I'm only 16 years old."

Victor is in 11-A at Hope High School, where he is studying aeronautics and drafting. "Because in April I'm going to be 17," he said, "and then I'll be old enough to get in the Navy with my parents' permission. All my friends are in, and it's awful lonesome."

Pfc. Alexander L. Cherkassky and Pfc. Robert L. Blome orient themselves with a map and a compass.

10th Mountain Division

These ski and boot troopers have learned how to get the maximum in mobility and surprise on the snow-covered slopes of Italy.

By Cpl. GEORGE BARRETT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The six-foot-three MP waved the German prisoner into the PW cage with his machine pistol. The Kraut's fingers played nervously with the M1-bullet hole in his right breast pocket. He turned around and said to no one in particular: "They look upon the war as though it were a sport. They are not tired at all. It's all a sport with them." He was talking about his captors.

The PW was one of 388 Germans captured recently in three days by the picked and specially trained "Ski and Boot Troops" of the 10th U. S. Mountain Infantry Division—the same outfit that used to pose for all those snow pictures in the magazines and newsreels when it was training back at Camp Hale in the Colorado Rockies.

In a way the German was right. It sometimes seems as if the 10th regards this slow and punishing war in the Apennines as a part of a college winter-sports carnival. There are regimental orders decreeing undergraduate crew haircuts for every man and encouraging singing. Before the division began its drive on Mount Belvedere in late February—the first successful American offensive action in Italy since the cracking of the Gothic Line five months before—the divisional newspaper published the following:

"In case you're worried about being able to keep that Luger or machine pistol you expect to take from Jerry, forget it. Here's a direct quote from the top: 'I don't want any souvenirs my men may get from a Kraut taken away from them. That Luger or burp gun belongs to that soldier and if he wants to trade it off for cognac or save it for his best girl until after the war—OK. It's his, to do with as he sees fit. . . . It's open season, and there are plenty of Lugers. Good hunting.'"

The next morning the 10th attacked. Climbing upward over sheer cliffs that the Germans had considered inaccessible and losing men in deep chasms and from dangerously high peaks, they took the strategic mountain which had been lost on two previous occasions. They stripped the burp guns and Lugers, and the periscopes, mortars and knives, from the dead Krauts and rolled the corpses down the mountainside.

"We returned with much booty," said a GI in the 2d Platoon of Company A, 86th Mountain Regiment. "We took a victrola from a German dugout and carted it to our foxhole. Jerry had left a lot of Al Jolson records, and we played them all night long after we took the top of that ridge. Oh, hell, there was nothing dangerous about making all that noise. They knew we were there anyhow. Incidentally, their butter is lousy."

The winter-carnival atmosphere in the 10th is something that might be expected. After all, Walter Prager, the Dartmouth ski coach, is a first sergeant in the 87th Mountain Regiment. Friedl Pfeiffer, U. S. slalom champion and ski instructor at Sun Valley, Idaho, is one of the buck sergeants. Torger Tokle, the national ski-jumping champion, is a tech sergeant. Pvt. Herbert Schneider, scout-observer in the 86th Regiment's I and R Platoon, has spent his whole life at winter-sport resorts; he is the son of Hannes Schneider, the famous Austrian ski instructor. And most of the other men are members of the National Ski Association, which helped the Army organize its first Mountain Infantry battalion in December 1941, at Fort Lewis, Wash.

One of the few soldiers in the 10th who didn't spend all their free time before the war at winter-sports resorts and ski tournaments is the division commander, Maj. Gen. George P. Hays, who flew here from France, where he had been commanding the 2d Infantry Division's artillery, and took over the mountain outfit when it arrived from the States. But Maj. Gen. Hays has another claim to distinction; he is one of the rare generals who are entitled to wear the Congressional Medal of Honor ribbon. He won it as a second lieutenant in the other World War.

Because the division was drawn largely from the social class of men who could afford the rather expensive sport of skiing in civilian life, it has more swank than the usual Infantry outfit. It is quite normal to hear one of its lieutenants say, "My platoon sergeant is a Princeton grad-

Pfc. William C. Douglas of Lake Forest, Ill., carefully makes his way across a mountain stream on his skis.

uate, *cum laude*," or to get challenged in its area by a sentry with a Harvard accent. Back at Camp Hale, where they bothered about such things, the average AGCT of one of the regiments was 121, which meant that the dumbest buck private was eligible for OCS. If he did decide to take that step, the chances are it wouldn't have gotten him out of the division. Most officer candidates from the 10th, because of their specialized mountain training, go right back into the division after they get their commissions. Nine of the current company commanders used to be enlisted men in the division.

THE men of the 10th have been trained for every kind of mountain fighting, summer and winter—their stub-toed ski boots have heavy rubber cleats for rock climbing—but they are particularly effective in snow operations. As snow troops, according to one platoon leader, patrols of the 10th move "five times as far, four times as fast" as regular Infantry. Winter reconnaissance patrols by the 10th are likely to be more successful than I and R sorties by ordinary Infantry outfits because ski soldiers go higher and deeper into the mountains. If they are suddenly spotted by the Krauts at close range, they have the mobility to get out and away fast.

The 10th faces peculiar difficulties. It is not practical, for example, for skiers to carry their rifles at port in enemy territory; it takes two hands to use ski poles, and skiers must use their poles to climb high ground. Sometimes, under pressure, they have to fire their rifles with these poles still hanging from their wrists. The 12-pound skis and 2-pound poles make it important for the mountain trooper to streamline his movements. He will sometimes carry grenades fastened to his harness so the safety pin will be pulled out automatically when he yanks a grenade off to toss it.

A lot of the special equipment and tactics they cooked up back in the States in training, however, have been discarded at the front. They used to get superstreamlined mountain rations, but they now find that the 10-in-1s are just as good. They don't bother to wear the white ski pants any more; the parka is just as effective for camouflage. Rifles were once painted white, but that is not considered necessary on the line in Italy. Special ski waxes are in the T/E but candles do the trick almost as well.

"We also discovered that the mountains here are a lot steeper and more wind-swept than those in the States," one GI says. "Consequently we learned that we'd probably have to carry our skis a lot oftener than they carried us. On the other hand, the 4,000-foot altitudes in the Apennines are nothing compared with the 10,000 feet of the Rockies, where we trained. It's much easier to breathe over here. Also, during training back in the States we stuck pretty close to the cover of forests, but here we've found we're not taking many risks if we move in the open, even in daylight, when we are in positions higher than the enemy."

The men find their skis make noise on the hard snow crusts in the Apennines, and they have to take their boards off when approaching a Kraut position. On patrols, the mountain troops often require two scouts, one to break trail and another to do the scouting.

Everybody in the division is trained to move on skis or snowshoes in winter, even the chaplains. The mountain-troopers use the Arlberg technique of skiing. It is slower than the parallel technique but it provides more control on the turns and is a lot surer for soldiers carrying packs and weapons. They can move at 10 miles per hour if they have to make a fast get-away, and a good skier, using $11 GI skis, will cut over the snow at 25 miles per hour on some stretches. What with the back pack and the weapons they carry, this is considered pretty good by the same guys who in pre-war races thought 50 miles per hour was nothing and who made records of 80 miles per hour.

"Snow jeeps"—M29s, or weasels as they are usually called—are the all-purpose vehicles of the 10th. These amphibious tractors—all white, even to the leather seats—haul supplies, tow skiers and do generally on the snow what jeeps do on the dirt. With their tread they can go almost anywhere a mule can go.

The 10th is organized on the combat-team principle. The rugged terrain of the mountains requires that the various units be self-sustaining, because supplies are often impossible to transport. The division's artillery pieces—75-mm pack howitzers—are broken down into sections and carried over the mountains on burros.

Gunners are trained to direct their fire against masses of rock and snow to create avalanches and engulf Kraut positions on the slopes below. These tactics are surprisingly effective. Division artillery officers point out that more than half of the casualties in Alpine fighting during the first World War were caused by avalanches.

Fighting in the mountains as a division presents the 10th with other problems. For example, the length of a battalion going single file up a mountain is four miles, but there may be more than 3,000 feet difference in altitude between the head and the tail of the column, affecting differently the speed and endurance of the men in its various sections.

The 10th probably does more climbing than skiing, and many of their sessions look like something out of a sea story when the GIs practice knots and lashings. They use the Tyrolean Traverse—a two-rope bridge stretched across crevasses and chasms—and improvise cableways to hoist jeeps and supplies up sheer cliffs.

Ropes are standard equipment and are given the same personal care that M1s get. The lore of hemp has been drilled into the men of the 10th. They know that rope will lose 40 percent of its strength in nine months from age alone; that 40 percent of strength is lost when manila is bent sharply around a hook, and that any knot weakens a rope but no knot weakens it so little as the butterfly.

The mountain medics have had to alter ordinary procedure. "Plasma is useless to us," one medic says. "It won't flow in intense cold, and we don't even take it along. In fact, we take very little with us except morphine and bandages. What counts in our work is speedy evacuation. Wounded men relapse into shock cases very fast in the cold at high altitudes, and unless we get them to a warm place soon they're finished.

"The other day we picked up a sergeant in the snow and brought him to the station on a sled; it was fast work but he was in profound shock when we arrived. If we had not been equipped for snow transport the normal delay would have killed him."

The medics are picked partly for their size; they are generally husky guys who have been given intensive training in mountain work. "It takes a strong man to get casualties out of mountain and snow areas," a medical captain points out. "Medics must be experts—in skiing, snowshoe work, ropes and climbing—and they must work in large teams, for it takes six or seven medics to go after, say, one expert mountain-climbing infantryman and bring him back."

The medics' job is made harder by the fact that the ratio of walking-wounded to litter cases is sharply decreased in mountain warfare. Even slightly wounded soldiers cannot stand the heavy strain of struggling on foot down steep slopes and across cliffs. Special precautions must be taken with litter cases. Their helmets are kept on, for example, to protect them from falling rocks. They must be securely but painlessly tied onto the litter across the pelvis so they will not slide off while lurching over the uneven terrain.

"IT's hard to think of any operation of ours that is not different from most outfits' tactics," a captain said. "In general, 10th Division units are told that no matter how small they are they can at any time become independent commands. Mountains separate outfits very suddenly, and on the basis of knowledge that 10th Division troops are extremely alert and intelligent, SOP requires that junior leaders be given the 'big' picture. They are expected to do whatever needs doing to complete the over-all strategy."

Then the captain quoted from the manual: ". . . There are no problems in mountain warfare which an aggressive and indomitable leader cannot solve. The movement of Hannibal's elephants through the Alps, in the dead of winter, without aid of bulldozer, is ancient proof that insurmountable obstacles can be overcome."

"That's from our Army handbook," the captain smiled. "It's the kind of stuff we believe in."

The mountain medics are skilled in getting sleds and litters up steep slopes. The GIs in the foreground are having a rope tossed to them to tie to the sled.

Pvt. Hubert Campbell of Eugene, Oreg., a 10th Division MP, stands guard over a bunch of prisoners just brought in by ski troops. He has an M3 machine pistol.

Burma Hermits

Mail call comes only once a month, there's never any pay day and the jungle is a worse enemy than the Jap.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTHERN BURMA—One day during the fall of 1942 a clerk at Services of Supply Headquarters in India was studying a requisition form from a Signal Corps Aircraft Warning outfit. After reading the form again he suspected that someone was trying to pull a gag.

The clerk called a sergeant. Then the sergeant called a lieutenant. "Now, what the hell do they want with that kind of stuff?" asked the sergeant. "Colored beads, rock salt, flashy-colored blankets and—well, and all those other crazy items."

Today SOS Headquarters in this theater is no longer surprised at anything that Aircraft Warning may order. Requests for items that aren't strictly GI are complied with quickly and without question.

To accomplish their mission, men of the Aircraft Warning units frequently have to venture into strange and unexplored sections of the jungle. They are often forced to call for the help of natives who have never seen white men before, and these natives usually prefer glittering and flashy objects to money.

During its history, Aircraft Warning has constructed hundreds of miles of jungle and foot trails, and many times, because of the nature of the terrain, its men have had to travel far beyond Jap lines to establish their stations.

The first station was established late in 1942 in the Naga Hills of India, on the Burma border. Later, as the Americans and Chinese fought their way through northern Burma, many other stations were set up in the jungles and hills of that country. Now the network is so vast that a Jap plane can rarely sneak over our lines without being detected.

The station I visited is only a few miles from a road on the Burma-India border. Many other stations, however, are so far back in the jungles that it takes anywhere from 5 to 18 days' walking to get to them. The trails are narrow and snake around steep hills, and often you must ford waist-deep streams.

Our guide was T/Sgt. Fred Fegley of Pine Grove, Pa., a former lineman for the Pennsylvania Light and Power Company. Fegley has spent more than two years at various stations and during that time he figures he has hiked upward of 1,500 miles of jungle trail. "I'm not kicking, mind you," Fegley said as we paused for a rest. "But back in the States nobody in our outfit ever dreamed we would go through anything like this."

Fegley said that the outfit's greatest danger was not from the Japs, but from nature. During monsoon seasons the men don't dare sit on the ground for a rest. "You even pick up leeches when you're walking," Fegley said. "Frequently you have to stop to pick them from your body so they won't suck too much blood out of you.

"And during the monsoons, streams become rivers. There are dozens of streams across the paths to many of our stations. So a station that takes a five-day hike in ordinary times is difficult to get to in twice that time when the monsoons are on."

One thing you can knock off as a myth, ac-

Pvt. George Karastamatis of the Bronx, N. Y., is on duty as ground observer at an AW station in Northern Burma.

These quarters were built by Naga natives. At the table is Cpl. Dale Calderon, cook, and right is Pvt. Karastamatis.

cording to Fegley, is the danger from wild animals such as tigers and elephants. "Actually our outfit has had little trouble from animals," Fegley said. "Most people like to exaggerate the number of wild animals they see in the jungle. Of course, you do have to be careful. Once one of our men put up his jungle hammock for the night and his dog crept under it to sleep. Next morning there was a pool of blood but no dog."

THE average station is operated by a 10-man team with a staff sergeant in command. The men are required to spend at least six months in the jungle before returning to a rear area for a rest. But oftener than they like, they have to remain longer. Some teams have served at their posts as long as 11 months without relief.

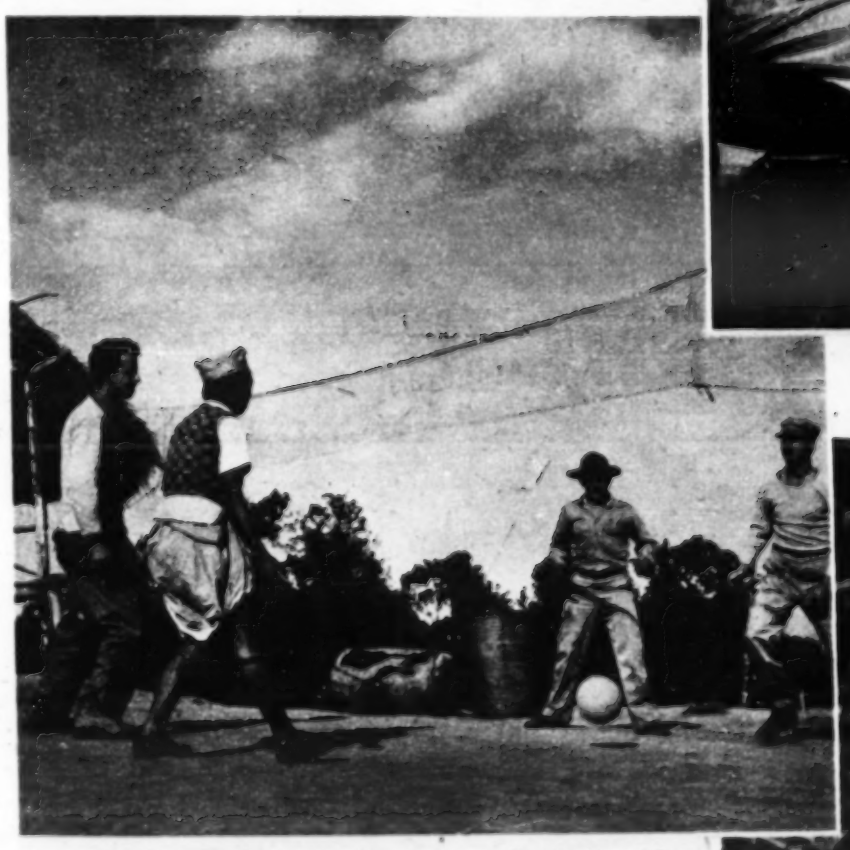
One of the first acts of an Aircraft Warning team is to call on the village nearest the station. Most natives have been helpful; they've shown the men where to find their water supply and helped build *bashas*—quarters for the men—from bamboo and thatching.

The Army's system of going through channels is found even among the natives in the jungle. Before hiring anyone the men first contact the headman of the village, who then designates a number of his people to work at the station. The headman usually sends his own son to act as a sort of straw boss.

"Things have changed from the early days in these jungles," Fegley lamented. "It used to be we could do a flourishing business with the natives by trading large tin cans. One can would bring you as much as a chicken. Now there are so many tin cans that it's caused inflation. A guy can't even get the shell of an egg for one."

At one station where the men ran out of trinkets, a GI squeezed all the cream from a Williams shaving tube. Then he very neatly flattened the tube and gave it to one of the natives. The native wore it as an ornament around his neck—free advertising for Williams shaving cream.

Medics are highly respected by the natives. Sgt. Eugene Schultz of Buffalo, N. Y., is the medic at the station I visited. All the natives there call him Doc. "We're too far from a village here," Schultz said, "but at other stations some of our medics make weekly calls on the villages. On visiting day every woman and child groups around Doc, and they all pour out their troubles.



A native (second from left) plays volleyball with GIs on a field they constructed on a 4,000-foot hill.

"One thing we have been able to accomplish in these jungles is to teach these people to be cleaner. Many of them suffer from malaria and dysentery. Since we've been stressing cleanliness we've found fewer of them with dysentery."

During my stay at Schultz's station, a native woman came in with a badly infected foot. Schultz tried for days to persuade her to soak it in hot water and epsom salts. She finally consented after other natives nagged her into it.

"Usually you don't have to urge them," Schultz says. "And, brother, once you get them coming to sick call you really get the business. They come whether they're sick or not. When you give one of them a pill they all demand one. We finally got around it by giving salt tablets to those who weren't ill. The salt tablets do no harm and they make the natives happier."

The days at the station are long and boring. Some of the men have taken to writing books and short stories. Occasionally the headman invites one of the GIs to a pig roast in the village, but mostly the men spend their time reading or hunting. Every team is given a 12-gauge gun for hunting purposes. Barking deer, pheasants, quail and several species of grouse are the most common game.

Some of the men have taken to teaching the children to read and write, and many natives around the stations have acquired an elementary knowledge of English. Cpl. Russell Higgerson of Albany, N. Y., was teaching two children at the station I visited. "Don't kid yourself about their appearance," Higgerson said. "These kids are as smart as any I've seen back home. I'd love to take one to the States and see what a school education could do for him."

Mail service is the biggest gripe the men have. Mail, delivered with food and supplies, is dropped by C-47s once a month except during the monsoon season, when it's even slower. The problem of getting mail for the States out to an APO is more difficult. At some stations the men have worked out a runner system with native messengers. But the men at stations 50 miles or deeper in the jungle have to wait many months before they can send a letter home. To keep their families informed, the officers at headquarters write for the men.

The men aren't paid until they report back to headquarters for a rest, but since there is no place to spend money, they don't give the pay delay a thought.

Sgt. Eugene Schultz of Buffalo, N. Y., medic for an observation team, treats the foot of a Naga woman.

Cpl. Russell Higgerson of Albany, N. Y., turns school teacher. He is trying to get two Naga kids through the English alphabet.

SOME men in the outfit have had their share of combat. When Col. Philip Cochran and his 1st Airborne Commandos landed 150 miles behind Jap lines in northern Burma in March 1944, an Aircraft Warning unit went along. Most of their equipment was bombed out after the men had landed, and many of the men suffered from malaria. Nevertheless they went on with their work and established a station.

Last April, when the Japs penetrated into Assam in their threat to invade India, the men in the Kohima district remained at their stations until the enemy almost overran them. 1st Sgt. Daniel H. Schroeder of Casnovia, Mich., a communications chief, was one of the last American enlisted men to leave his post when the Japs cut the Manipur Road between Kohima and Dimapur. And during the Jap drive, Aircraft Warning units were the sole medium of communicating intelligence to the British. Native scouts reported the Jap movements, and the men at the stations relayed the information to the British.

Fegley was team chief at one of those stations. At 2200 one night, a native reported that the enemy had infiltrated the area near the station. Fegley ordered his men to destroy all equipment. He also ordered that all food cans be broken with axes and creosote poured into them. This was done so that the Japs, who were known to be short on food, could not benefit from our supplies.

At 0300 next morning, Fegley and his men took their field equipment, tommy guns and hand grenades and began hiking through the jungles to warn another station. The men walked until 2200 that night, covering a distance of 28 miles. After taking a five-hour break, they resumed the trek until they reached the other station, 19 miles farther.

The threat of Jap planes has been eliminated to a great extent in this theater, but the men are still kept busy. These hills are among the most difficult in the world to fly over, and a number of crashes result. When this happens, the stations nearest the crash are called upon to send out searching parties. Dozens of flyers have been saved in this manner.

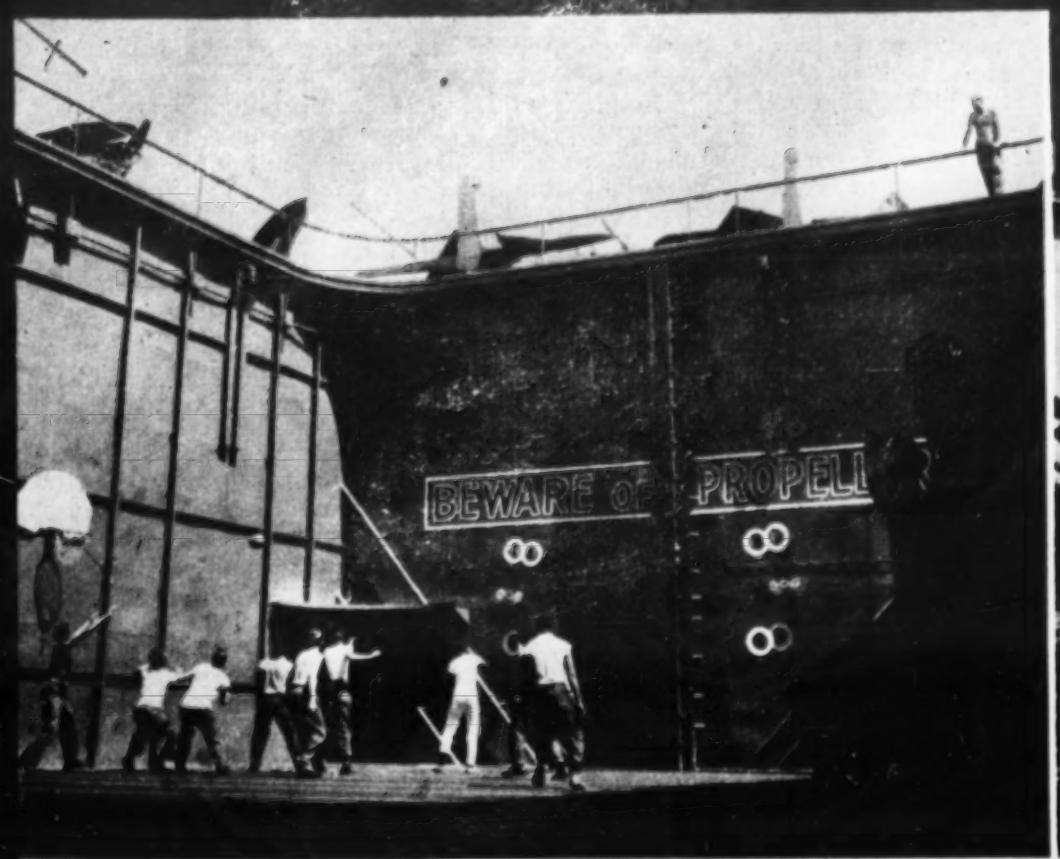
In August 1943, when John B. Davies, secretary to the American Embassy in Chungking, crashed with a number of American civilians and soldiers and Chinese officers, men of Aircraft Warning went to the rescue. The plane crashed in the Ponyo area of the Naga Hills. Some natives in that area are known to be head-hunters and generally unfriendly. Therefore help had to be sent as quickly as possible.

Two Aircraft Warning men—1st Lt. Andrew La Bonte of Lawrence, Mass., and S/Sgt. John L. De Chaine of Oakland, Calif.—together with a British political officer, organized a searching party of natives acquainted with that section. The men tramped over narrow paths and through mud and water for five days and covered 125 miles before they found the crash victims.

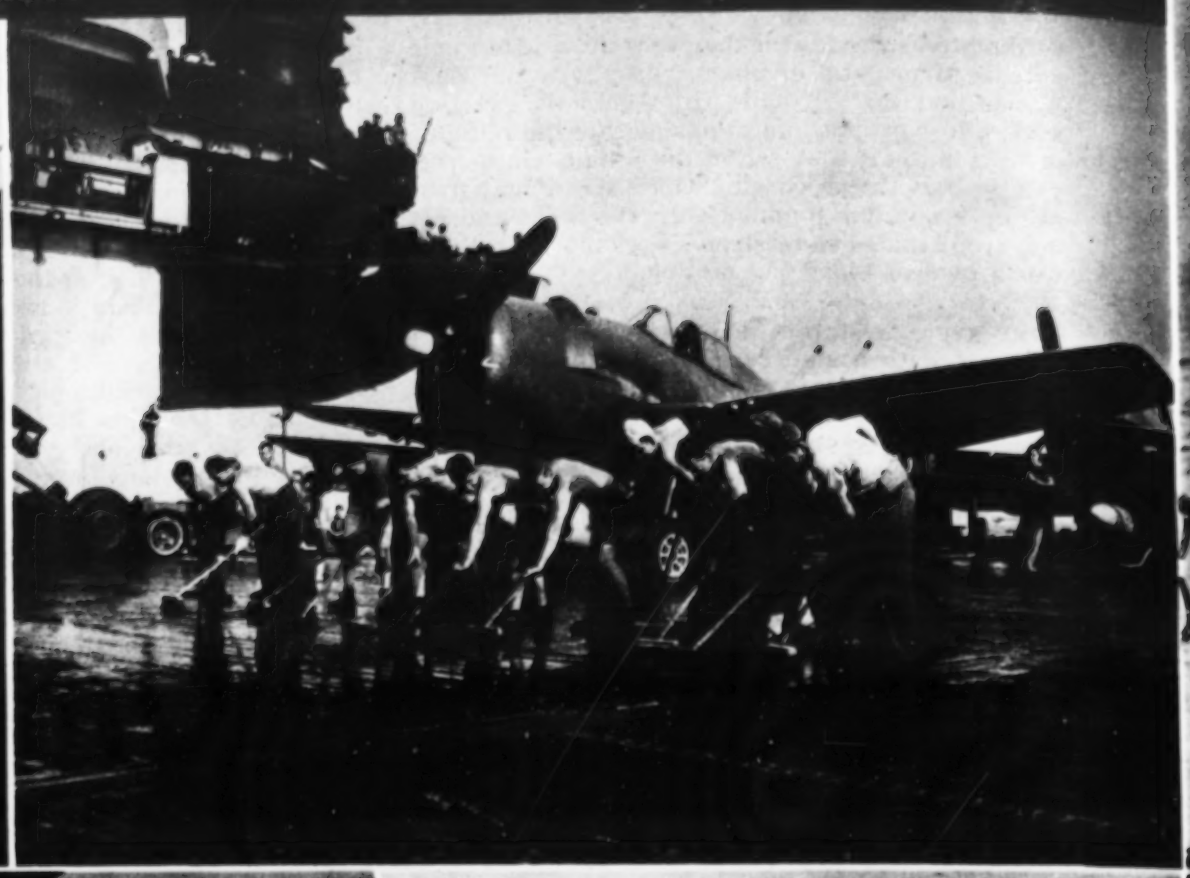
When the party prepared to leave with 20 survivors of the crash, some natives started a riot over items that were left behind. Sgt. De Chaine, employing a little Yankee diplomacy, intervened and quelled the riot.

"In this business you've got to be a diplomat, a businessman, a hermit and an aircraft observer," Fegley said. "Mostly, though, you've got to be ready for surprises. Anything can happen here, even if we are a bunch of GI jungle orphans."

On the way to Tokyo some of the crew members get together for a game of basketball. The court is an elevator that lifts planes from the hangar deck.



This is scrubday on the carrier, and a line of men work their way down a section of the deck. The size of a carrier's deck being what it is, this is no easy detail

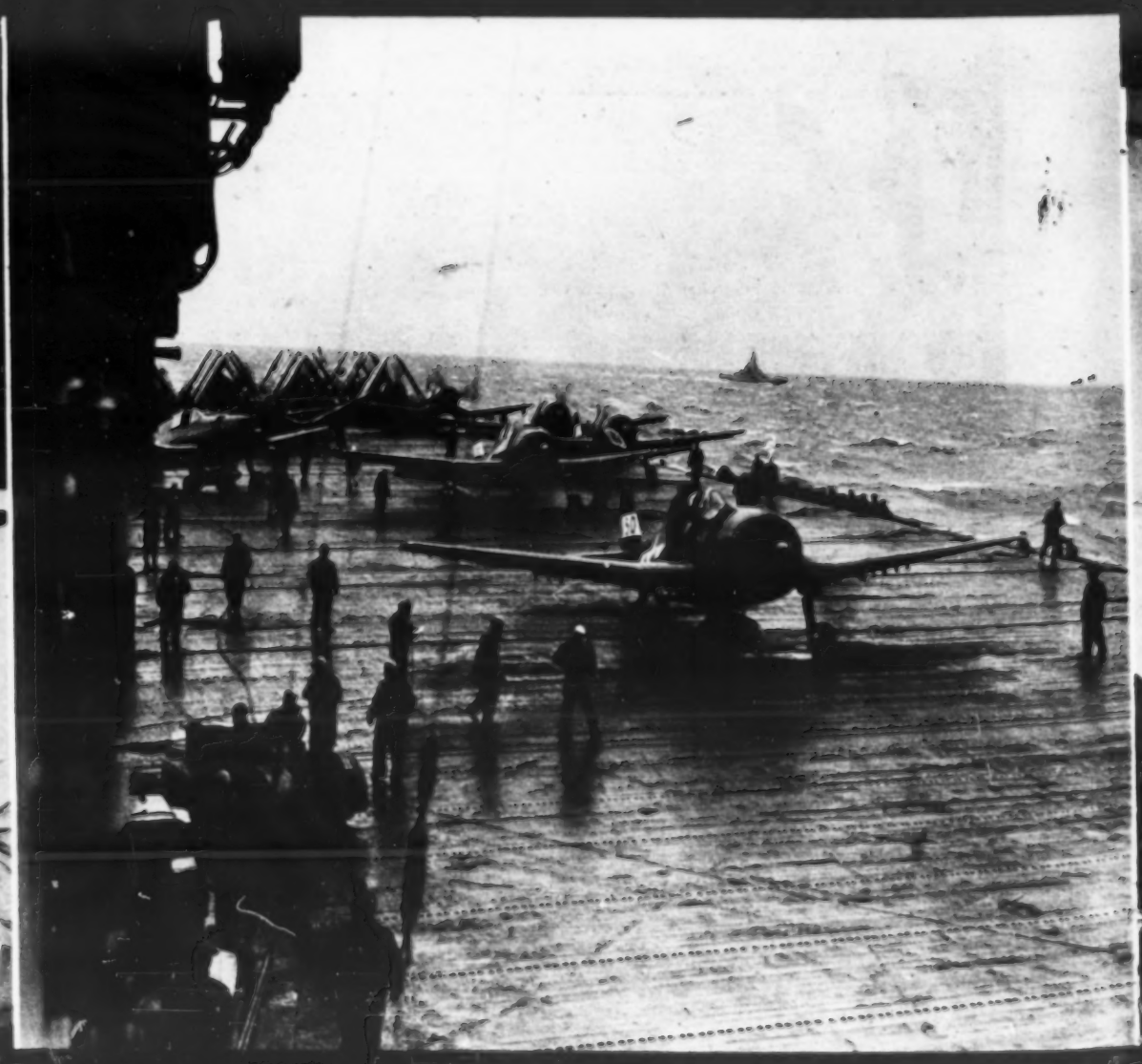


This man dressed in foul-weather gear, is loading ammunition into the wing gun of an F6F.

The carrier's guns blast at a sleeve towed behind a plane during practice firing en route to Tokyo.

That grin was a promise of things to come. The bomb he handles was last seen blowing up a piece of Tokyo.

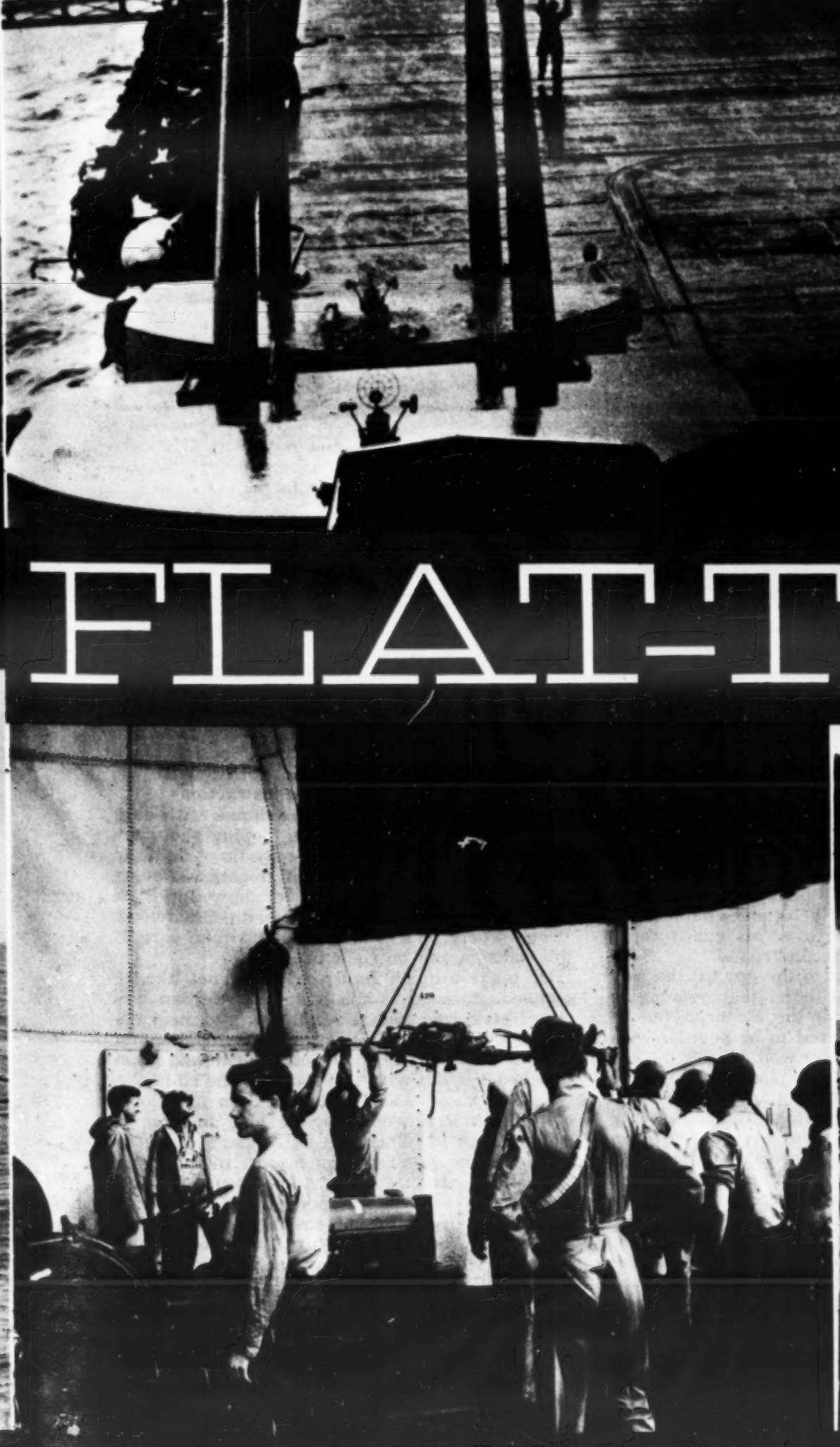
Air-crewmen gather around as Shelton Garner ACRM marks up on the blackboard the names of the pilots who are to "fly the strike" the following day.



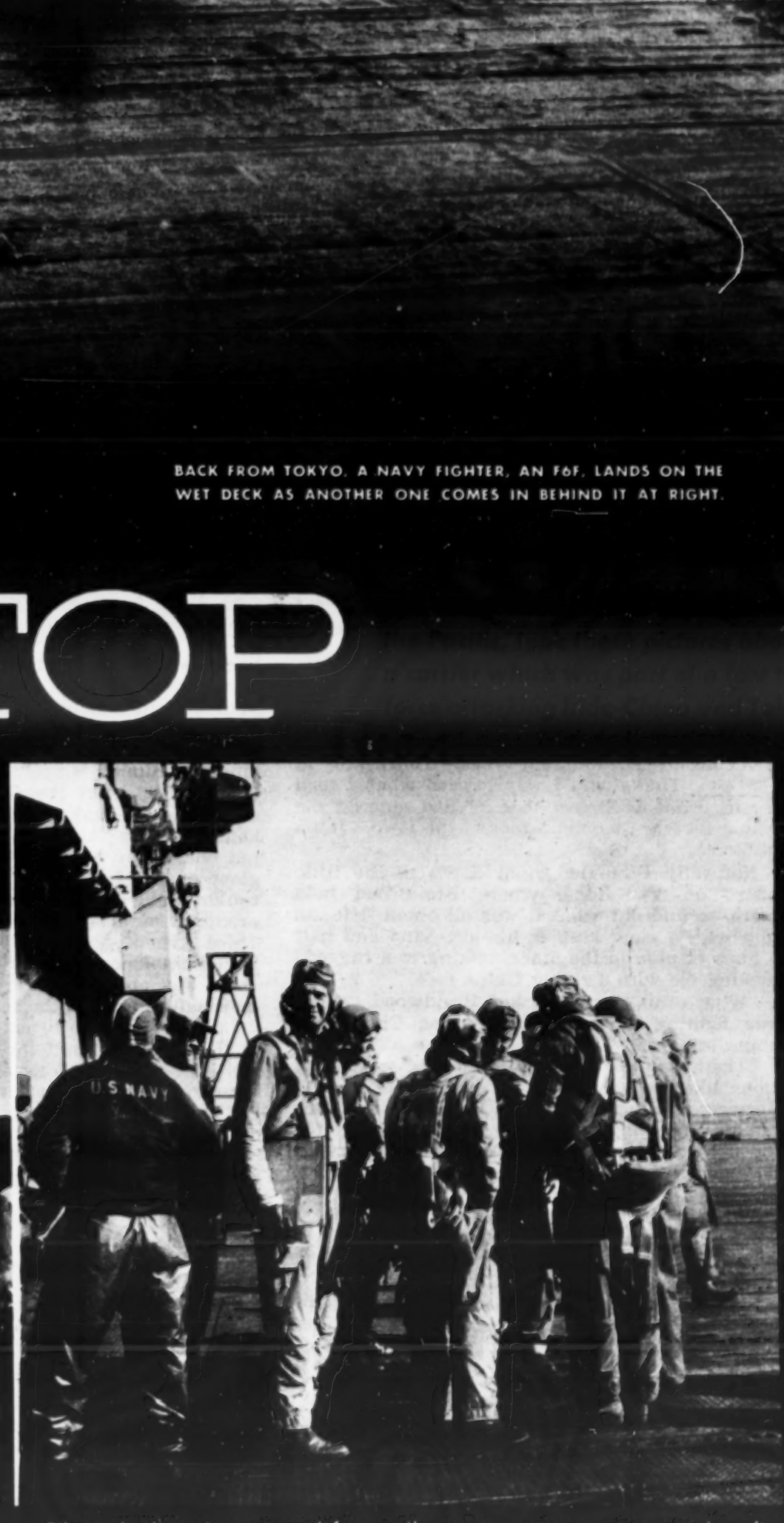
The carrier is somewhere in the waters off Japan, and the day is cold and overcast as the planes on the flight deck warm their motors before taking off for Tokyo.

BACK FROM TOKYO, A NAVY FIGHTER, AN F6F, LANDS ON THE WET DECK AS ANOTHER ONE COMES IN BEHIND IT AT RIGHT.

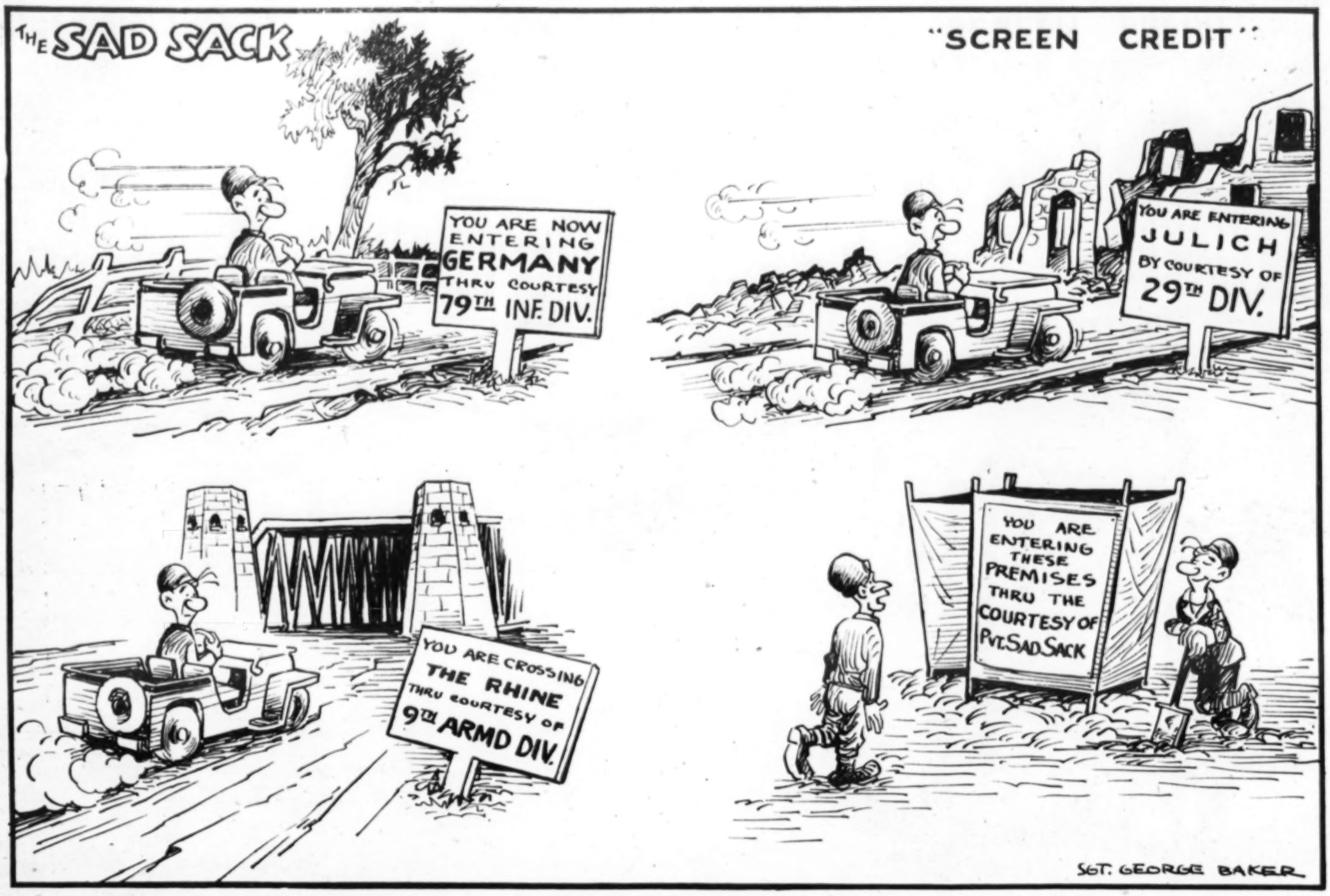
FLAT-TOP



Most of those who flew away came back but some of them paid a tough price. Here a wounded officer is being lowered on a stretcher from the island to the flight deck.



Pilots who have just returned from strikes stop to answer some questions for Air Combat Intelligence officers before leaving the flight deck of the carrier.


THE SAD SACK
"SCREEN CREDIT"
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING GERMANY THRU COURTESY 79TH INF. DIV.
YOU ARE ENTERING JULICH BY COURTESY OF 29TH DIV.
YOU ARE CROSSING THE RHINE THRU COURTESY OF 9TH ARMD DIV.
YOU ARE ENTERING THESE PREMISES THRU THE COURTESY OF PVT. SAD SACK
SGT. GEORGE BAKER

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

THERE was nothing about T-5 Braidwood McManus that would suggest he was an athlete. He had flat feet, a perpetual hangover and a bad case of soda-fountain crouch from eating at Liggett's. That's why I was amazed when I read in the *Stars & Stripes* that he had entered the Allied Boxing Championships at the *Foro d'Italia* in Rome.

Naturally I hurried right down to the little bistro on Via Roma where Braidwood held forth, to find out what it was all about. I found him with a cigar stub in his left hand and half a glass of *vino* in the other, talking to a rugged-looking joe with a rather Celtic face.

"What's this story," I asked Braidwood, "about you fighting in the Allied Boxing Championships in Rome?"

"There you go," he said, "jumping to conclusions like you always do. I just wrote Special Services and told them about the Braidwood McManus entry, figuring I'd get some publicity for my fighter. But I never said that I was going to do any fighting."

"What's the Braidwood McManus entry?" I asked very skeptically.

"Shake hands," said Braidwood, "with Horizontal Hogan. He's going to win the welterweight title at the Allied Boxing Championships."

Before I left the place, Braidwood asked me to ride up to Rome with them the day before the tournament and work in Hogan's corner when he fought.

I'LL say this for Hogan: he talked about as good a fight as I've ever heard. All the way to Rome he kept telling McManus what he was going to do in the tournament, always referring back to what he'd done as a civilian. He had won something like 24 fights as an amateur, if you can call a fighter who sold the watches he won an amateur.

"Remember the time, Mack," he would say, "that I whipped Ripper Ralph Pantelone in the Golden Gloves at the Garden? He was pretty rough until I sunk my hook into his gut. They kept hollering '*A la banza!*' meaning for him to put one in my breadbasket, but he never laid a glove on me. I was a little fat at the time and I couldn't take any chances. Besides, my father had promised me a new green corduroy suit for the Third Avenue Social Club picnic if I won. After I hit Pantelone with that hook and doubled him up, I was able to get in over his guard and I knocked him out in the second round."

I not only had to listen to the guy all the way to Rome, but around the hotel that evening as well. We were stopping at the Moderno, one of those swank joints that used to be popular with the tourists, and Braidwood wouldn't let me out of his sight. Wherever you found Braidwood there was plenty of conversation about Hogan, most of it contributed by Hogan himself.

The next morning we went over to the *Foro d'Italia* for the draw. Braidwood's brow puckered into a permanent wince and his head shrunk back into his shoulders like a worried turtle's when his guy drew Marcel Cerdan for the first round.

Cerdan's name didn't mean a thing to me, not even after Braidwood told me that he was the European champion. I'd seen some of those European champions fight at the Garden. But I began to get the idea of how good he was supposed to be when I learned that the French soldiers were offering the GIs odds of four to one that he would knock out Hogan in the first round. Those would be long odds for Joe Louis to knock out my old man in the first round, but not many GIs were willing to cover the wallpaper money that the *poilus* were waving in their faces.

THERE was a hell of a crowd of French, British, Italian and American soldiers in the *Foro* I walked down to the ring in front of Hogan with a bucket in each hand, and Braidwood brought up the rear. We climbed into the ring and I could tell from the noise that went up that the Frenchman was right behind us.

At Cerdan's appearance, those French soldiers started clapping their hands in unison and hollering Cerdan's name on the offbeat. "Cerdan!" Clap, clap. "Cerdan!" Clap, clap. They gave him a hell of an ovation. But I didn't see him until Lt. Jack Sullivan, the referee, called us to the center of the ring for pre-fight instructions.

Marcel was a handsome Frenchman with dark curly hair. One look at those sloping shoulders and I knew why he had lost only three fights in seven years in the ring. But if Hogan was overawed by his appearance he never showed it. Back in the corner he shook hands with Braidwood. "Don't worry, Mack," he said. "I'll take care of this palooka and be right back."

He made a quick return trip, but not like he planned. As soon as the bell rang, Cerdan was out of his corner and across the ring to meet the more sluggish Hogan. He straightened Horizontal with a left to the side of the head and then knocked him out with two rights to the chin.

I don't know what Cerdan had in his glove, but it took Braidwood and me half an hour to bring Hogan to. When the lights came on again for Hogan, he didn't say much more than enough to convince us that he was conscious. He still didn't know what had happened.

The sudden ending of the fight spoiled the tournament for us, so we walked back to the Moderno with Hogan. About a block from the hotel it started raining and Hogan, who hadn't been very talkative, held out his hand and felt the drops. Then he said to Braidwood, "This'll probably keep the crowd down, won't it, Mack?"

Braidwood's answer convinced me that he was a born fight manager. "Keep the crowd down, hell!" he said. "They called it off!"

Former Opera Singers Get In Tune at Camp Swift

Camp Swift, Tex.—Pvt. Edward L. Grabinski, a driver with the 472d Quartermaster Trucking Company, and Pfc. Richard Holtzclaw, a surgical technician at the 380th Station Hospital, exchanged talk of long-haired names and long-haired music when they met here recently. Both formerly were with the Chicago Opera Company. Grabinski was on the tenor roster during the seasons of 1938-41, and Holtzclaw, known professionally as Richard Wentworth, sang romantic baritone roles with the company for 3½ years before he entered the Army last April.

Holtzclaw used to split his operatic seasons between the Chicago company and the San Carlo Opera Company, which annually toured the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. His repertoire consists of 39 complete operas in German, Italian and French, including over 1,000 songs. He has sung with such stars as John Charles Thomas, Lawrence Tibbett, Martinelli and James Melton, and has been starred opposite such famous divas as Grace Moore, Helen Jepson and Ilona Massey. Besides opera he has appeared in Broadway shows, concerts and coast-to-coast radio programs.

Grabinski, whose home is in Moscow, Idaho, has sung as a dramatic tenor with Jan Kiepura, Rosa Raisa, Dennis King, Alexander Gray, Ruth Etting and Vivienne Segal, and has also appeared in concert and on the radio. He speaks Russian, Polish, Italian, Czech and three Slavic dialects.

"How's your voice these days?" Holtzclaw asked Grabinski.

"I'd say it was pretty good after the third beer," was the reply.

"That's what I was thinking. How about going into Austin some week end and making a recording after a good sudsing up?" Grabinski agreed.

camp news

Old Soldiers Say Good-Bye

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Three sergeants of the Old Army stood together at the gate not saying much of anything. 1st Sgt. Floyd E. (Babe) Knox, who first enlisted in 1914 and had served a total of 26 years, was leaving the Army. M/Sgt. Frank McIlvain, 27 years in the Army, and M/Sgt. S. T. Gemale, a veteran of 23 years' service, were on hand to wish him good luck on his retirement, but they avoided the subject. All three had served in France in the first World War and all had participated in the Meuse-Argonne drive.

Sgt. Knox was nicknamed Babe because that's what he calls almost everybody else. He came to Camp Breckinridge with the original cadre July 23, 1942, and had served as an MP with the 1570th Service Unit since then. It was at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, that he enlisted on July 6, 1914. He went overseas with the 39th Regiment, 4th Division, and was wounded in combat. Back in the States, he dropped out of the Army in 1920 for four years, then joined up again. During his Army career he was located in San Francisco, Calif.; Plattsburg Barracks, Syracuse Fairgrounds and Camp Mills, all N. Y.; Camp Merritt, N. J.; Fort Devens, Mass.; Fort McPherson and Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; Fort Thomas, Ky., and in Hawaii and on the Mexican border. He served with the 39th, 13th, 22d, 35th and 10th Infantry Regiments before being assigned to the 1570th SU.

Though born in Phenix City, Ala., he now considers Henderson, Ky., his home and lives there with his wife Mae and his daughter Dorothy Lenart. Enlisted men and officers at Breckinridge chipped in for a farewell gift when they learned the old sarge was leaving and Knox managed to choke out that it had been "a damned pleasure" to serve with such men.

Now the two oldest enlisted men of the outfit had come to the gate to bid him good-bye. Sgt. McIlvain spoke up. He said he guessed he and Gemale had better get back to duty. They shook hands with Babe and turned away.

"So long, Babe," they said.

"So long," Sgt. Knox said.

—Sgt. CARL RITTER

SERVING HIS COUNTRY

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—A lieutenant, scouting witnesses for a trial in which he was to be defense counsel, asked a corporal what he was doing the morning of Dec. 28.

"I was doing my duty as a soldier of the United States Army, sir," said the two-striper.

"And what duty were you doing as a soldier of the United States Army?" persisted the louey.

The corporal drew himself up ramrod straight and said, "I was in mess hall No. 2, passing out the bread."

A Book by Any Other Name

Fort Lewis, Wash.—Caroline Paddock and Alma Halverson, librarians of Library No. 3 at North Fort Lewis, tell these anecdotes about the reading tastes of engineers.

One evening a very shy GI came in and asked what books they had by Risque. "I am in the mood for his works," he said. "How do you spell the name of the author?" asked Miss Halverson. "I'm not sure, but it's a French name," the GI replied, "and his books are generally slightly naughty."

Recently a big strapping three-striper demanded a copy of "Woman Driver." Miss Paddock had never heard of it, but after the sergeant outlined the story as he had heard it from a friend, she produced Chevalier's "Drivin' Woman."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Northington General Hospital, Ala.—The weekly gripe sessions here sometimes give the patients a laugh. At a typical session one soldier wanted to know why in hell he had to wait five days for a civilian cleaning plant to return his uniform.

Camp Atterbury, Ind.—Two days before pay day Pvt. Theodore L. Rich borrowed some money from Pvt. John H. Knodt. "That's funny," Rich said. "I'm Rich and he's Knodt, and yet I'm borrowing from him."

—Pfc. VICTOR W. McGINNIS

1293d SCU, University of Buffalo, N. Y.—When Pvt. Charles DelValle of Company B reported on morning sick call to complain of hemorrhoids, the doctor told him to report for an eye examination. He came back to company headquarters at 1100 with a dislocated knee and at 2100 he was operated on for acute appendicitis.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Members of the staff of the IRTC visual aids shop here proved that they are the right men for the right jobs by winning the major share of the honors in a camp-wide art contest. Cpl. Edward A. Johnson took three first prizes in the oils, prints and drawing categories. Sgt. Alfred Bottare won first in the rendering class and Sgt. Theodore Bradford received honorable mention in the same class. Sgt. Jess Montgomery was second in water colors.

CHOW ITALIANO. By serving lots of spaghetti, minestrone and onion omelets, the kitchen staff for the Italian Service Unit at Pueblo (Colo.) Ordnance Depot has cut its mess allotment 10 to 15 percent.

WAC STAND-IN. When shots for a movie about Wacs called "Keep Your Powder Dry" were being taken at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., Pvt. Polly Giloth was chosen as stand-in for actress Laraine Day.

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PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Ben Rocklin

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

CHICAGO—When anyone opens the door of Ben Rocklin's knife shop, a burglar alarm jangles, and out from a back room walks Ben Rocklin saying, "What the hell, quiet please."

He sells long-bladed knives that he calls "Jap stickers" to soldiers, and he sells less lethal knives to civilians, provided he likes them. He doesn't sell anything to people he doesn't like. "I am an American citizen, 100 percent," he says, "and I take no guff from any man, unless he is much bigger than I am, and very little guff from women."

In the past three years, Rocklin has sold 6,000 knives to soldiers and marines. Judging from letters he has received, he estimates these knives have been responsible for killing 10,000 Japs. "Old Ben's knives," he says, "have gone across jungles, across deserts and across more than a few gullets. Sometimes, at night when I'm in bed, I say to myself, 'Ben, you old fool, you are such a ball of fire at killing Japs, it is a wonder you're not afraid of yourself.'"

He used to make knives for slicing bread. "I made fine knives," he says, "and housewives praised me in many tongues. Then the bread companies started selling bread already sliced. When this happened Old Ben's heart was broken, but Old Ben is not a man to sit and sulk. I made hunting knives. Old Ben was getting ready. Old Ben knew war was coming. Old Ben knows the Japanese. The Japanese are stinkers."

He bought all the steel filing cases he could get. This was the steel that went into his knives. The knives have blades eight inches long and are sharp on both edges. "Old Ben tooled for war," he says, "from bread knives to Jap stickers. As shy as I am, I sometimes say to myself, 'Ben, you've come a long ways.'"

A Jap, he says, can be trusted no farther than a man can throw an orangutan by the tail. "I fought against the Japs when I was a soldier in the Russian Imperial Army," he recalls, "and even 40 years ago they were stinkers."

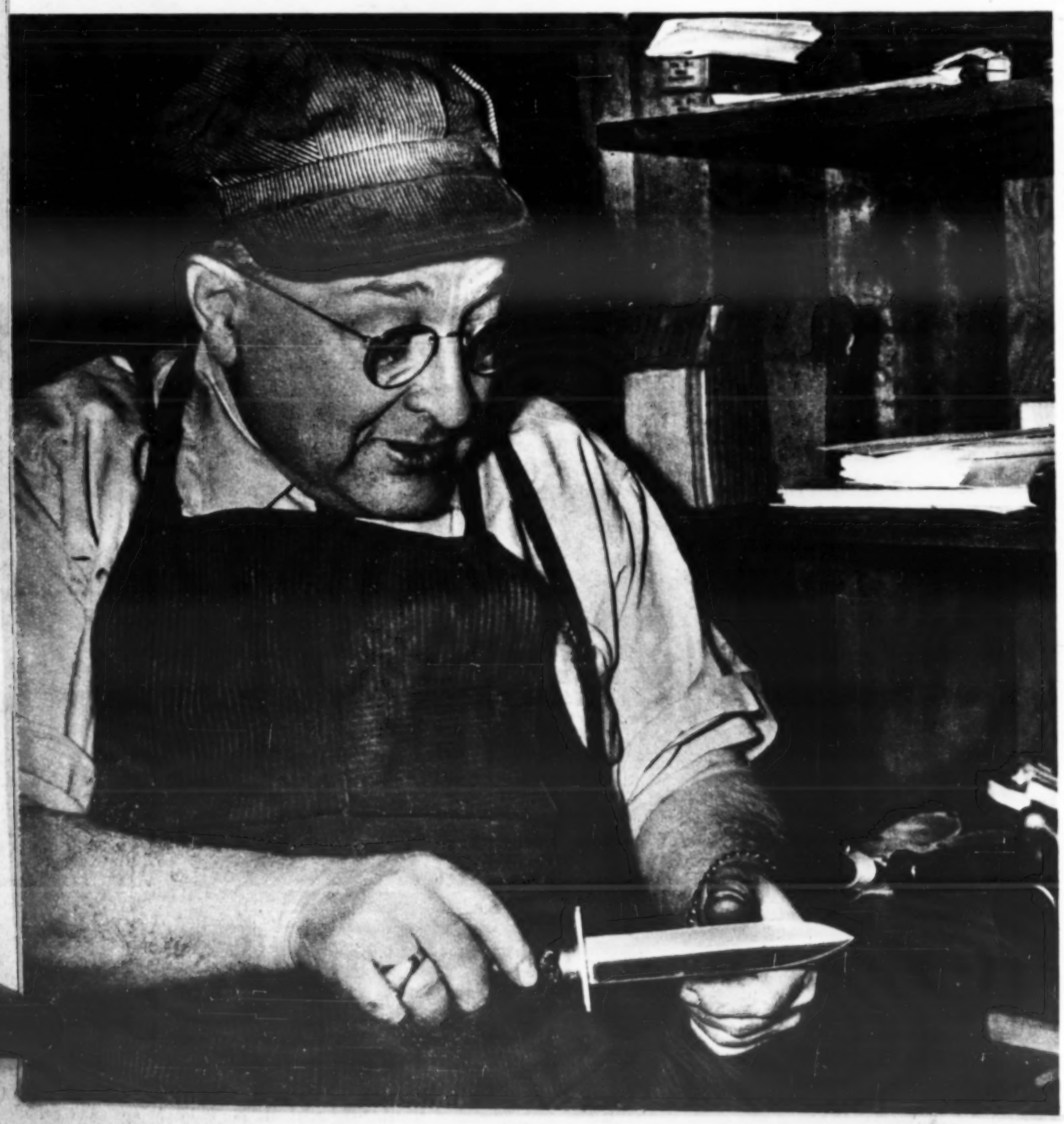
Ben Rocklin is 5 feet 4. He weighs 190 pounds. He quit telling about his birthdays when he passed 75. That was a few years ago.

He employs a Chicago telephone directory to illustrate how he used to treat the Japs. The Chicago telephone directory numbers 1,732 pages, is 2¼ inches thick and weighs 4 pounds 11 ounces. Bunching his shoulders, he takes a directory in his thick, stubby hands and twists it into four pieces. "I used to be a strong man," he observes.

Ben has a three-room shop on the second floor of a building at 746 South Halsted Street near Hull House. People in the neighborhood call him the village blacksmith. This he does not like.

"I never shod a horse in my life," he says. "I hate horses. I have ridden many of them and eaten more than a few. I never knew a horse that I liked. Besides, I am a typical small-businessman. When my country was threatened, I became a one-man arsenal of democracy. Also, people were no longer buying bread knives."

Once upon a time—he doesn't remember exactly when—he was a professional wrestler and weight lifter. Many years ago, in Milwaukee, he wrestled the great Frank Gotch, when Gotch was world champion.



"It was a hell of a match," says Ben. "I gave it to him good."

"Who won?" Ben is asked.

"I was matchless that night, a pillar of flame," says Ben.

"Who won?" Ben is asked again.

"The crowd cheered me wildly," muses Ben. "I was a hero in Milwaukee."

"Who won?"

He grinds a knife, ignoring the question, then looks over his shoulder.

"Gotch," he says, "in 7½ minutes."

On the wall of the shop are Ben's own rules on how to be happy at 75 plus:

"1. Mind your own business and do not use bad remarks about certain people that you might be sorry for.

"2. If you have enemies, avoid them. Do not go into places where there is suspicion or where there is unsafety. Do not hear behind the door people talk or look in keyholes.

"3. Look in all directions when you cross the street; around the corner look out; keep out of arguments about elections.

"4. Eat and drink everything you like and don't deny yourself pleasure.

"5. Watch out for some of your best friends who are your worst enemies."

Ben is writing the story of his life. He thinks he will probably call it "The Nine Lives and Ninety Thousand Knives of Ben Rocklin."

"It's absorbing," he declares. "I have so much fun reading it I don't have much time to write it."

One of the great days of history will come, he says, when the Allied armies meet the Russian armies in Germany.

"There'll be Hitler, a pig on a pitchfork," he gloats. "The Russian armies have been underrated for a long time. All we Russians had was broomsticks in the old days, and broomsticks may be good for riding but they are not good for shooting. There's only one way to get along with a German or a Jap. Beat hell out of him and let him know who is the tough guy. Then keep on showing him who is the tough guy. Roosevelt and Churchill and Stalin—they're all tough guys. It's a good thing, too."

BEN cringes a little when he remembers his own days in the Czarist armies.

"It was very rough," he recalls. "It was not rich living. It was very rough. I had a general named Gen. Yarovitch. He was big as a stable and smelled like one. He had a great red mustache about six inches wide. When he roared out orders, his mustache waggled like a flag and he roared most of the time. He was a mean man.

"I was a foot soldier. But one day the cook deserted, and before I could get out of the way and hide, Gen. Yarovitch grabbed me and made me a cook. He carried a long whip called a knout with him all the time, and he shook that whip under my nose and told me I better cook good. Faithfully I promised I would cook good. About that time some Czarist dog shot a rabbit and brought it to the general.

"The general says, 'Ben, cook this rabbit and cook it good or I will skin you and maybe eat you, with garlic, of course.' So I clean the rabbit and fix a stew, but while my back is turned the general's dog steals the rabbit, and when I look around I sit on the ground and put my head in my hands and I sorrow. Old Ben's rabbit is gone. Old Ben's goose is cooked.

"And along comes an old soldier, and he asks me why I sorrow and I tell him. And he says for me not to be a fool but to kill the regiment's cat and cook it for the general. So I do this, with plenty of garlic. And pretty soon along comes Gen. Yarovitch swinging his whip and roaring. And he sits down at his table and I put the plate before him. He takes a mouthful, and he looks at me and says, 'Ben, that is peerless rabbit,' and he tips me a ruble.

"And some years pass and I come to the United States and become a citizen, and I come to Chicago and make knives. And then there is a great World's Fair in Chicago and I go to it. And at the Russian exposition who do I see there but Gen. Yarovitch. His red mustache has turned to gray and he has no whip. But he is still roaring. And he sees me and he hugs me and he says, 'Ben, you rascal. Once you cooked me a peerless rabbit, and I tipped you a ruble.'

"And I'm an American citizen and I'm in a free country and I look back at him and I say, 'Thank you, Gen. Yarovitch, you son of a bitch. But that was no rabbit. That was a cat.'"

THE RECONVERSION OF SGT. McDOUGALL

YANK FICTION

By S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE

WHEN the Air Forces reorganized last year, streamlining squadrons and consolidating others into base units, a lot of first sergeants found themselves out of jobs. That's exactly what happened to my old first sergeant, Sam McDougall, as fine a gentleman as any enlisted man could ask for a three-day pass. And McDougall never quite got over it.

McDougall was a veteran of the last war, pushing 50 when he got the urge to enlist right after Pearl Harbor. He went down to the induction center, got a waiver on his age and enlisted as a private.

He wore his ribbons from the last war, including the *Croix de Guerre*, at all formations during basic training, and it wasn't long before the second lieutenant who was acting as drill sergeant pulled Mac out of the ranks and made him an acting drill sergeant. Not long after that, Mac made staff and tech and acting first and finally first sergeant.

He was a kindly, fatherly type. He'd listen to any guy's bitches, never interrupting or making the guy feel like he was wasting his time. He felt very happy and well set in being a first sergeant, since in 33 months' service in the last war all he ever got to be was pfc. He never played favorites, always referred to his charges as "my boys" and said, "We got the best goddam bunch of soldiers in the whole Air Corps."

We were a noncombatant outfit. We gave basic training to pre-aviation cadets and were a small group—160 permanent party in all. We had a squadron fund and every few months we'd pitch a whale of a party in a downtown hotel. Mac would get drunk and interrupt the girls doing a strip tease and make somewhat of an ass of himself, but almost everybody else was pretty high so nothing would ever be said of it after the party was over.

Things were coasting swell. It looked like Mac was set in his job for the duration. Then along came this "reorganization," and Mac found himself a casual along with a lot of the rest of us. He tried to be good-hearted about it for awhile, and when a pfc was assigned to our barracks to see that we kept the place clean and policed the area regularly, Mac just used to laugh and say: "Well, that's the Army for you. Democratic as all hell. Even a first sergeant has got to help police up the place."

But he didn't feel so good when they started posting KP lists and he found his name on them with monotonous regularity. The first time wasn't bad. He pulled it. But after four straight days of KP, he began to get a little irrational and went in to see the new CO. He didn't get anywhere with the new CO. The CO told him he'd have to take his turn on KP, just like the rest of the first-three-graders in the outfit, until he was shipped out or a suitable assignment was found for him.

The CO did give him permission, however, to scout around the post and try to find himself a job. "If you can find a job, then you're out of my hands," the new CO told Mac. "And while you're at it, see what you can do for the nine other first sergeants they've unloaded on me."

Mac went up to the Service Club, where he knew the lady in charge. She was sympathetic and out of pure kindness she gave Mac a job on the cash register, ringing up tabs as you came through with your tray. Mac acted pretty happy over this, and it had its good points. The hours were regular and it kept him off KP. And he could see his friends in his old outfit and he'd always say, "There goes one of my boys—he's a good soldier," or something like that.

But Mac wasn't really happy. You could tell that whenever you'd see him in town. He hung out at the Red Dog saloon nearly every night. He'd get drunk on beer and pick on some civilian and tell him about his "best goddam outfit in the Army." "Yessir," Mac would say nostalgically but making it a point to put in the present tense, "my boys give me a little trouble once in a while, but you know how that is. Boys will be boys."

One night he was pretty stewed when I saw him. (I had a temporary assignment with a crew firing furnaces.) He'd come in with Moraglia, a rather insignificant corporal who used to be a combination runner and file clerk in our orderly room. Moraglia, being aggressive too, had got the same job in one of the base units, and he knew Mac was only a cash-register puncher in the Service Club, so he felt a little lordly at that time, with the help of about 15 beers. They got to arguing about some inane subject, and before anyone could stop them Moraglia was riding Mac about being a cash-register puncher. I believe it hurt Mac's feelings more than anything else.

"Is that the way to talk to your first sergeant?" Mac demanded.

"Aw g'wan, you ain't no first sergeant any more," Moraglia said. "Why the hell don't you take off them stripes?"

"I'll put you on KP for 15 days," Mac shouted, "and you'll never get another recommendation for promotion out of me!"

Moraglia just stood and laughed sardonically; then Mac took a poke at him, and before we could stop them they were rolling on the floor.

We took them outside and talked to them, but it was pretty hard to calm Mac down. The old man was crying and it was a pitiful sight to see. The owner of the establishment, not wanting to get put off limits, called the MPs, and before we could hustle Mac and Moraglia back to camp, they showed up and hauled them in.

I understand Mac got quite a dressing-down from the provost marshal and that he tried to get a discharge three times on account of his age but was turned down every time. Then he tried to get them to send him overseas, but they vetoed that on account of his age.

I ran into him yesterday for the first time in almost a month. He looked much older than his 52 years, and for the first time I noticed his ribbons were soiled and his pants needed pressing. He forced a smile and said "Hello," but it was false and empty, and the old fire and geniality that were so much a part of McDougall were gone.

"I got a new job," he said, "and it's a pretty good one. I'm in charge of three fellows, and they're going to make the outfit bigger and into a separate squadron. Then I'll get my old first-sergeancy back."

"Gee, that's swell," I said. "What are you doing now, Mac?"

He looked off into the distance and said, "I'm head ticket-taker at the post theater."

Moraglia just stood and laughed sardonically; then Mac took a poke at him.

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BERMUDA, Cpl. William Pene du Bois, Inf.

ICELAND, Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

NEWFOUNDLAND, Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

NAVY, Donald Nugent Slc.

■

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Executive Officer, Maj. Jack W. Weeks.
Business Manager, Maj. North Bigbee.
Supply Officer, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

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This Week's Cover

THIS is 1st Lt. Elizabeth Babarcik of New Cumberland, Ohio, now stationed on the Western Front. In the service for 19 months, she is one of thousands who rate very high with GIs for their work.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 2—Top, Signal Corps; lower, INP. 3—Acme. 4—Upper, Signal Corps; others, Acme. 6—Left, Cpl. Lon Wilson; right, INP. 7—Pvt. George Aarons. 8—Sgt. Donald Breimhurst. 9—Left, Sgt. Breimhurst; right, Pfc. Werner Wolff. 10 & 11—Sgt. Marvin Kirsten, Signal Corps. 12 & 13—Cpl. Wilson. 15—Upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Pueblo Ordnance Depot; lower right, WD BPR WAC Group. 16—Chicago Sun. 20—Selznick International. 21—Pvt. Aarons. 23—Acme.

Mail Call

Going Home

Dear YANK:

. . . I have completed 10 years of service this month, holding all ranks from private up to and including captain. I have spent six years and three months overseas (not seeing my wife in over five years). I have fought both Japanese and Germans in China, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, and have served in overseas stations in China, Hawaii, the Philippines, Trinidad, Panama, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. I wear the Good Conduct Ribbon alongside the Purple Heart with seven Clusters, the Silver Star with Cluster, the Bronze Star with two Clusters, the Soldier's Medal and, above all, the Combat Infantry Badge.

The loss of hearing in one ear from concussion, the loss of eyesight in one eye from shrapnel, the loss of one lung from a bayonet wound and the partial loss of use of my right leg from German machine-gun slugs put me in the "no longer fit for military service" class.

Now I am being sent home. It may be hard to understand for those who want to go home before the job is finished, but I do not want to go. The prospect of going back to America is not quite so bright with the fight for freedom and security not yet won. I am leaving the field, leaving my men in these stinking fields and villages of Germany, in the sloppy, muddy, snow and ice-lined foxholes and trenches of Germany to fight the battle of life or death for me. I am leaving my men to fight and die (and they do die up there) for the country whose uniform I am so unworthy of wearing. I will be ashamed to look one of those infantrymen in the face and tell him I left him to win the battle when the going was the toughest and went back to the States.

Going back to the United States is not the shining goal it might seem as long as it is still being blurred by the blood of Americans dying for freedom and their loved ones on foreign soil.

ETO —Rifle Company Commander

Wacs' Bonus

Dear YANK:

Where the hell does this guy Pvt. Raymond E. Kaptan get the nerve in saying [in a letter in *Mail Call*] that the Wacs, Waves and Spars shouldn't be granted a bonus the same as men in the service? Maybe this guy would like to leave the beaches of Hawaii and trade places with the Wacs who are with the Fifth Army in Italy.

Pvt. Kaptan made the statement that Wacs, Waves and Spars never had to risk life or limb. May I remind him that there are Wacs in our armed forces today who wear the Purple Heart? Does Pvt. Kaptan have the Purple Heart? As he put it, these Wacs enlisted. Maybe just the guys that were drafted should get such a bonus, huh?

—T/Sgt. ROBERT K. BUCHANAN*
Ardmore AAF, Okla.

*Also signed by 20 other men.

Dear YANK:

In regard to Pvt. Raymond E. Kaptan's letter against granting bonuses to women in service because of voluntary service and absence of danger to life and limb, how about the Wacs in Italy, France and the South Pacific who have endured many bombing raids? Pvt. Kaptan, who is sitting snugly in Hawaii, could take a few lessons from the Wacs in New Guinea and other such places.

As to bonuses, would he have them withheld from women in service because they are women or because they volunteered? What about the *men* who have volunteered? Are bonuses exclusively for those who had to be rounded up and dragged in?

Roswell, N. Mex. —Pfc. MILLICENT PAULTZ*

*Also signed by 14 others.

Dear YANK:

. . . If he [Kaptan] takes his feet off that desk in Hawaii long enough and uses common sense, he would realize that anyone willing to volunteer in the armed forces deserves plenty of credit as well as a bonus.

About risking life or limb, I know of a girl now in England who had her leg amputated as a result of enemy bombing and of several other girls (Wacs) who were on their way overseas when their ship was attacked and they narrowly escaped with their lives. If Pvt. Kaptan is at all interested in this orientation program, I could supply him with a few more instances. . . .

—S/Sgt. ROSAMOND D. ELLIOTT
Kearney AAF, Nebr.

Dear YANK:

. . . Does he forget *why* we voluntarily enlisted when we could have stayed at home and had war jobs with high salaries? We enlisted for him as well as any other soldier, sailor or marine, whether he wants to admit it or not. In the 19 months I have been at my present station I have seen hundreds of men return from foreign and sea duty, and this has been brought about indirectly by the voluntary enlistment of women in the armed forces.

I am also looking forward to my overseas duty (for which I volunteered the first day applications were made available to us) and to making it possible for one more man to come home to the America he has fought for and for which, if it became necessary, I would give up my life. . . .

—C. AYLWARD Y3c
NAAS, Whiting Field, Fla.

Dear YANK:

. . . Does the private suppose that every soldier was drafted? And should those who were not be denied a bonus because they enlisted freely? It seems to me that they rate all the more because they did volunteer. . . .

Drew Field, Fla. —Lt. A. C. LARSON

Dear YANK:

. . . Perhaps if he read a little more of the newspapers, he would also see that one of our Wacs bravely risked her life for a GI overseas by putting out with her own body the flames that were burning him and thereby received the Soldier's Medal. Of course, one couldn't count this as "risking life and limb."

Boston, Mass. —Pfc. BARBARA GAILEY

GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

I have heard so much pro and con on the GI Bill of Rights that I can't compose myself any longer. I'll grant that it really gives something to the soldier under 25 years of age, and it gives a business loan for those who are just starting in business—men usually between 25 and 35 years of age. How about the older man from 37 to 42 years old—the man who had just got well started in his business but still had an outstanding loan, and who also owned his home but still had a 50-percent mortgage on that? He entered the Army to practically let his business go to pot but that still doesn't pay the outstanding loan. His wife and children have a bare existence on the Army allotment.

This soldier will come back to a debt and have to start his business all over again. The mortgage will still be on his home, which in all probability will need a lot of repairs. His age will be against him as his producing years are surely numbered. Why not give the old soldier an amount equal to the cost of the young soldier's education?

Hawaii —Cpl. JOHN R. NELSON

Jobs for Officers

Dear YANK:

Concerning a *Mail Call* letter headed "Commissioned Office Boys" and Gen. Adler's speech entitled "Office Boys With High Rank Worry About Post-War Future." It's obvious that there is cause for such worry and, though I can't promise these young officers employment when the war is finished, I can offer a little friendly advice.

There are a lot of older men in this Army who had their own business establishments or held responsible positions before being inducted. Due to age limits, these men are not eligible for OCS or specialized training, so throughout their whole Army career they remain Sad Sacks and get pushed around, more or less.

But when the shooting is over, these men will return to their former positions and find themselves on top again. At that time it's highly probable that an ex-officer in search of a job will find it necessary to confront an ex-Sad Sack and, having no other recommendation, will most likely play up his commission in the late war to prove his ability and accomplishments. Maybe he'll get the job

"And the pfc stripe I got at Fort Benning, Ga."
—Pfc. Thomas Flannery

TOOTH PASTE IS WINNING THE WAR

Dear YANK:

Not long ago we heard that a popular weekly magazine in the States had printed an advertisement which was described as having a cartoon with "an indelicate and offensive military angle." However, since I have seen the drawing which was called objectionable I am confused. It shows three soldiers (the home front no longer approves of our calling ourselves GIs) in a lush Pacific jungle, all of them prepared for combat. One gives the order, "We attack at 12:10, take the point at 12:20 and return here for (a popular soft drink) at 12:30."

My chief concern is that this dissatisfaction may result in the total disappearance of poster art with a military angle and rob me of my ties with home and everything that is dear to me.

I submit the following classification of ads which have given me particular pleasure since I have been in uniform:

The first is the "All for Our Boys" ad which may also be called the "you'll get yours later" layout. I first thrilled to this type of display after I had eaten beans, Spam, powdered eggs and C-rations for three weeks and then came upon a picture of myself in one of the popular weeklies. I was in spotless sun-tans, properly tanned, healthy, clean and grinning. I was grinning because I was lugging a bright tray divided into six compartments loaded with a $1.50 steak, fresh vegetables, crisp salad and ice cream. The thing about these ads that pleases me is not the fantasy and imagination employed, but the glamor with which our life is portrayed for those back home. Uniforms are never dirty and unpressed; the portholes of the combat-bound transport always show a travel-talk horizon and a beautiful woman with flowers around her neck, and up beside the now-still howitzer is a full case of that drink I can't do without. I like to see things like that.

My second type is the "Buckies Wuckies Have Gone to War" dirge. Into this classification fall the full pages which reprint letters from former employees to large business concerns telling how they would have been unable to knock out that third tank without that wonderful lubricant which has been specially designed not to freeze, stain, corrode or lubricate (oops!). I suggest that these are highly educational and informative subjects and should not be denied us for their value as combat tips. Why, by the unsolicited testimony of thousands of unprejudiced authorities, battles have been won in 27 countries by spark plugs, shaving cream, condensed milk, chocolate bars and cosmetic tissue. Also by these commercial methods, my wife is happily lulled into thinking that I am issued a spanking new, watertight, oilskin-lined, form-fitting and rust-resisting pouch for used razor blades which was made for me by the former makers of outstanding brassieres.

These same copywriters have comforted much of the home front with pictures of neat, cross-marked graves under which is written "There will be fewer of these if you keep vital information under your (popular brand) hat."

Our third and most exciting type which has given me endless diversion, is the "What Kind of World Are You Returning to?" design, more vulgarly called "After Roosevelt—What?" These combine a "you too can have a private pipe organ" motif with the apology that, due to circumstances not under control of the manufacturer, the item is only being supplied for the armed forces. This last note is stolen from type No. 2. These plastic dreams lead us to believe that no one can live in the postwar world and throw stones. However, some schism in the ranks of copywriters has led to a conflicting and contradictory note. While some of them are suggesting that we expect to return to homes scented with the six delicious flavors, others maintain that we want to come back to find things just the way we left them.

I have not included the "My Reverie" type, for I do not think it represents the high aim of the craft. This version shows a freckled airman (always at least a captain) in an attitude of prayer, hoping that he will come home to find his favorite milk shake still available at the corner druggist's. I have rejected this type because it usually includes the mercenary assurance that he will find it.

Unfortunately most of the magazines available to the forces overseas are printed without advertisements. I have a distinct sense of insecurity when I think that perhaps men may return from the fighting fronts and foolishly demand to get their news and fiction without that necessary embellishment that makes it all readable—the advertisements.

France —T-4 ROSS DONALDSON

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that way and maybe not, but if he does I don't thing it would be too farfetched to imagine that the employer hired him only for the opportunity to run him ragged and maybe even fasten a broom to his tail and watch him sweep the floor while running.

My advice is: When the time comes to seek employment, sir, don't do any bragging about being an officer veteran. Just forget about it and I think you'll have much greater success in finding that job you're after.

Attu —Pvt. CHARLES KOLBER

Newspapers From Home

Dear YANK:

For several days now I have been listening to the mail clerk bitch, and believe it or not, it is catching. After thinking the matter over, I think he has a darn good right to bitch. He goes after mail daily, rain, shine or snow, with little shine, and what does he bring back? Bags and bags of ancient newspapers, and it is rather disgusting to see the boys get them and then throw them away without even breaking the wrapper. I don't blame the boys, for old newspapers aren't interesting over here.

If there is such a shortage of paper, why doesn't someone get wise and stop the shipment of papers overseas? If GIs themselves could cancel their subscriptions, then we would have more room for first-class mail, to say nothing of the room for supplies. Which do you think is more important?

Not knocking the home-town papers, but they are thousands of miles away from home and from two to three months behind time. As the Italians would say, "They are *nenti bona.*"

Italy —1st Sgt. LEONARD L. DURR*

*Also signed by three others.

Dear YANK:

... Why doesn't someone stop the sending of newspapers to China—at least until a landing is made on the coast and newspapers won't fill the valuable transportation space?

China —Sgt. JAMES O. LIDE

Infantry Badge

Dear YANK:

We men of the 103d Infantry Division, qualified wearers of the Combat Infantryman's Badge, would like to register a complaint concerning the present design and construction of the badge. We'd like to offer as a suggestion that the badge be redesigned to include the well-known Infantry emblem—crossed rifles. As for construction, we'd suggest a better alloy. Although the badges we received were stamped "Sterling," we believe they were made of a cheaper metal. After a few weeks of constant wear, the blue enamel chips off, leaving the medal unsightly, and the rifle can no longer be distinguished against the background. We feel that we're not alone in this dislike of the present type of medal. We believe that the medal should be more distinctive because it labels the wearer as an outstanding soldier.

The Army is proud of its Infantry. Let's make the Infantry proud of its badge.

France —Pfc. W. W. VICTOR*

*Also signed by Pfc. Wilson.

Jap Lollapalooza

Dear YANK:

Read your article entitled "The Jap Soldier," and one particular paragraph caught my eye. It stated that the Jap cannot pronounce the letter "L" and gave an illustrative example "lollapalooza." Well, after an exhaustive test, I've found they have no more difficulty with their "L" than any other letter in the alphabet and can say "lollapalooza" just a shade better than a GI from Brooklyn. Who am I to argue with the OWI, but I only know what I hear and "lollapalooza" and "lullaby" are good enough for me.

Marianas —S. H. BLICKMAN PhM3c*

*Also signed by H. Isenberg PhM2c.

Post-War Pilot Training

Dear YANK:

A few weeks ago I read an article in *Mail Call* by some aviation enthusiast and I've given some thought to his suggestion concerning Pilot Training vs. Mustering-Out Bonus. Well, I think he made an excellent suggestion, because there will be, no doubt, quite a few commissioned pilots who would, after the German war is over, be willing to train fellows (who missed out on pilot training for various reasons) to fly light planes while waiting to ship home.

I don't know how much should be taken out of the bonus for such training, but whatever it is, we would have something solid behind us to put to further use in civilian life. . . .

Belgium —Pfc. WM. E. PALLMAN

"Kindly Let All—"

Dear YANK:

Has Sgt. Burtt Evans [in his story, "Kindly Let All Those Who Are Going Out First"—*Ed.*] tried his sentence this way: "Kindly let all those (who are going) out first?" That way, "out," instead of being considered as part of the verb "going," is considered as part of "let." Writing the sentence this way, you'd have: "Kindly let out first all those who are going." Not that it makes much more sense this way.

Perhaps Sgt. Evans can do something with this sentence that used to hang in a Truax Field (Wis.) mess hall some years ago and may still be there: "ALL PERSONS SMOKING IN OR AROUND THIS MESS HALL WILL BE DEALT WITH ACCORDINGLY."

—Pfc. MORRIS FREEDMAN

Randolph Field, Tex.

Can't Write to YANK

Dear YANK:

Well, now this field has issued an order forbidding any of us from writing YANK of any of our gripes or complaints. We are just wondering what is to come next. Is this field run by the Army or not? Please put something in YANK telling all of the GIs just how we stand in this matter.

Eagle Pass AAF, Tex. —(Name Withheld)

10-in-1 Ration

Dear YANK:

I have been eating 10-in-1 rations for quite some time and I haven't been able to find such rations in it as canned peaches, pears, fruit cocktail, vienna sausage, sardines and salmon. I have been trying to figure out for a long time just why they don't put that type of canned food in the 10-in-1 rations, but I haven't been able to do so. If they can put such canned food in them as chopped ham and eggs, corn beef, etc., why can't they put in the type of food I mentioned above?

Before I came overseas there was a lot of talk about food shortages, because they had to ship it to the soldiers overseas on the battle front. I don't think they really meant that, because unless we are stationed at a staging area or some place like Rome, we as front-line soldiers do not get such food. Can you tell me why?

Italy —S/Sgt. LONZIE THOMAS

104th Article of War

Dear YANK:

Let me end this torrent of complaints concerning the abuse of the 104th Article of War by this and that commanding officer by quoting from the 121st Article of War as follows:

"Any officer or soldier who believes himself wronged by his commanding officer, and, upon due application to such commander, is refused redress, may complain to the general commanding in the locality where the officer against whom the complaint is made is stationed. The general shall examine into said complaint and take proper measures for redressing the wrong complained of; and he shall, as soon as possible, transmit to the Department of War a true statement of such complaint, with the proceedings had thereon."

Although I'm sure that you, YANK, are familiar with the MCM, 90 percent of my fellow-GIs aren't.

Camp Lee, Va. —T/Sgt. ALVA L. MEADOR

Strictly GI

M26 Tank. The WD has finally released for publication something that Ordnance and Armored Force people have known for a long time—that we have a 45-ton tank, with a 90-mm gun, which is officially known as the M26 or General Pershing tank. It has more firepower than any other tank produced in the U. S. and is equipped with wide tracks, like German tanks, which are designed to give it better traction in mud.

Service Flags. Honorably discharged veterans may now be represented on service flags hanging in their parlor windows at home. The gold-eagle lapel button for honorable discharge will be used as the flag symbol to replace the blue star that indicates a man in service. Service flags of organizations and industries will display one such symbol with the number of honorably discharged members below it in arabic numerals. To make the symbol stand out from the white background of the flag, the design will be edged in blue.

The WD has also authorized the manufacture of an "official" lapel service button that may be worn by members of the immediate family of any person serving in the U. S. armed forces. The design of this button has not yet been announced.

Generals Nominated. The President has sent to the Senate the nominations of these nine lieutenant generals for promotion to the rank of full general: Joseph T. McNarney, supreme deputy Allied commander in the Mediterranean theater; Omar N. Bradley, CG of the Twelfth Army Group on the Western Front; Carl Spaatz, CG of U. S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe; George C. Kenney, CG of the Far East Air Forces; Mark W. Clark, CG of the Fifteenth Army Group in Italy; Walter Krueger, CG of the Sixth Army in the Philippines; Brehon B. Somervell, CG of the Army Service Forces; Jacob L. Devers, CG of the Sixth Army Group in the European Theater; and Thomas T. Handy, deputy chief of staff of the U. S. Army.

Cindy Garner
YANK
Pin-up Girl

NAVY NOTES

Navy Leaves. The Bureau of Personnel has issued a summary of its policy on leaves for enlisted personnel and directed all commands to be more strict about entering them on service records. Nine classes of leaves are listed and the maximum length in each case is exclusive of travel time:

1. *Annual Leave.* 30 days in one year, authorized at the discretion of the CO, but should not exceed 15 days for personnel on shore duty in the U. S. Leave not taken cannot be carried over to the next year. COs are asked to give special consideration to personnel returning from overseas whose husbands or wives are also members of the armed forces, and to give them the full benefit of the 30 days.
2. *Reenlistment Leave.* This 30-day leave, given in peacetime to those who reenlist after their previous enlistment has expired, has been suspended for the duration. Regular Navy men will not forfeit this leave; it will be granted after the suspension has been removed.
3. *Recruit ("Boot") Leave.* Charged against annual leave and changed according to circumstances. At present 5 days are prescribed, with travel time in addition not to exceed 10 days.
4. *Service-School Leave.* Also charged against annual leave and also subject to constant change. It is often authorized in the form of delayed orders.
5. *Convalescent Leave.* This is supposed not to exceed 30 days but can be almost limitless in individual cases. It is granted only by medical officers and is not charged against annual leave.
6. *Emergency Leave.* And they do mean emergency. It is not charged against annual leave, and its length is governed by the emergency.
7. *Rehabilitation Leave.* 30 days, to those who have served continuously outside the U. S. for one year or more. In cases where overseas service has been less than a year, 2½ days for each month or fraction of a month is allowed. It is deductible from annual leave, but the annual leave is not deducted from rehabilitation leave subsequently earned.
8. *Survivors' Leave.* 30 days of leave or delayed orders and not charged against annual leave.
9. *Leave on Retirement or Release to Inactive Duty.* 30 days or 2½ days per month of active duty less total leave while on duty, but not if you come under the Mustering-Out-Pay Act.

It will be noted that there is no longer an embarkation leave; all hands are advised to retain sufficient annual leave if they want to visit home before embarking for overseas.

Aid and Comfort to the Enemy. When a detachment of Seabees arrived at Pearl Harbor recently, the censors allowed no mention of the location in letters home. But they gave it away to one Seabee's wife. He started his letter, "Dear Pearl" (that *was* her name), and the "Pearl" was neatly clipped out.

Changes in Regulations. New spectacles or replacement of lenses or frames lost or damaged in performance of duty will now be provided at Government expense. . . . Legal-assistance officers have proved themselves so beneficial to naval personnel that the system is to be extended to include all ships and stations when practicable. . . . Items bought in ship's-service stores which are scarce in the civilian market, such as cigarettes, lighters, alarm clocks, fountain pens, etc., are not to be sent or brought home as gifts to civilians. Strict censorship of mail and gangway inspections are to be used to insure compliance. . . . The AOMB rating (Aviation Bombsight and Fire Control Mechanic) has been changed to AFC (Aviation Fire Controlman). . . . Seamen first class or second class, or their equivalent in any branch, may now submit applications for flight training in the Navy's V-5 program. Previously only petty officers or S1cs with six months' duty in an aviation activity could apply.

End in Sight. Anyone who remembers loading 10 gallons of gas in the jalopy and burning it up of a Sunday afternoon will probably also remember how he could walk into a Western Union telegraph office and, for a quarter, send to anyone in the U. S. a blurb composed by their human-relations department which covered anything from Mother's Day greetings to congratulations on the birth of a baby. They were called fixed-text messages and went out along with the gas for the jalopy. But for servicemen returning to the States for leave, discharge or hospitalization, there are 15 new ones which can be sent from various redistribution centers, hospitals, and receiving stations and they are, we think, properly high-spirited and optimistic. Here they are:

1. Leaving here soon. Home for good. Get my civilian clothes ready. Love.
2. Three cheers. Home for good in 10 days. Can't wait to see you. All my love.
3. Roll out the barrel. The war is over for me. Am on my way home. Love.
4. I'm over here from over there and will be with you soon. Love.
5. Being discharged here. Will be home soon. Round up the gang to celebrate. Love.
6. Back in States. Feeling fine. Furlough soon. Love.
7. Back at last. All well. Here short trip then home. Love.
8. It's good to be back. Hope get furlough soon. Writing. Love.
9. Back in good old U.S.A. All well. Can't wait to see you. Furlough soon. Love.
10. It's a long stretch from no man's land back to you. But I made it well and safe. See you soon. Love.
11. Arrived by plane. Expect to see you soon. Will write at next station. Love.
12. Just arrived. Feeling fine. Hope to see you soon. Love.
13. Arrived here safely. Getting good care and feeling fine. Will write. Love.
14. Passing through here. Will write from next hospital. Feeling fine. Love.
15. Back at last. Feeling OK. Hope to see you soon. Love.

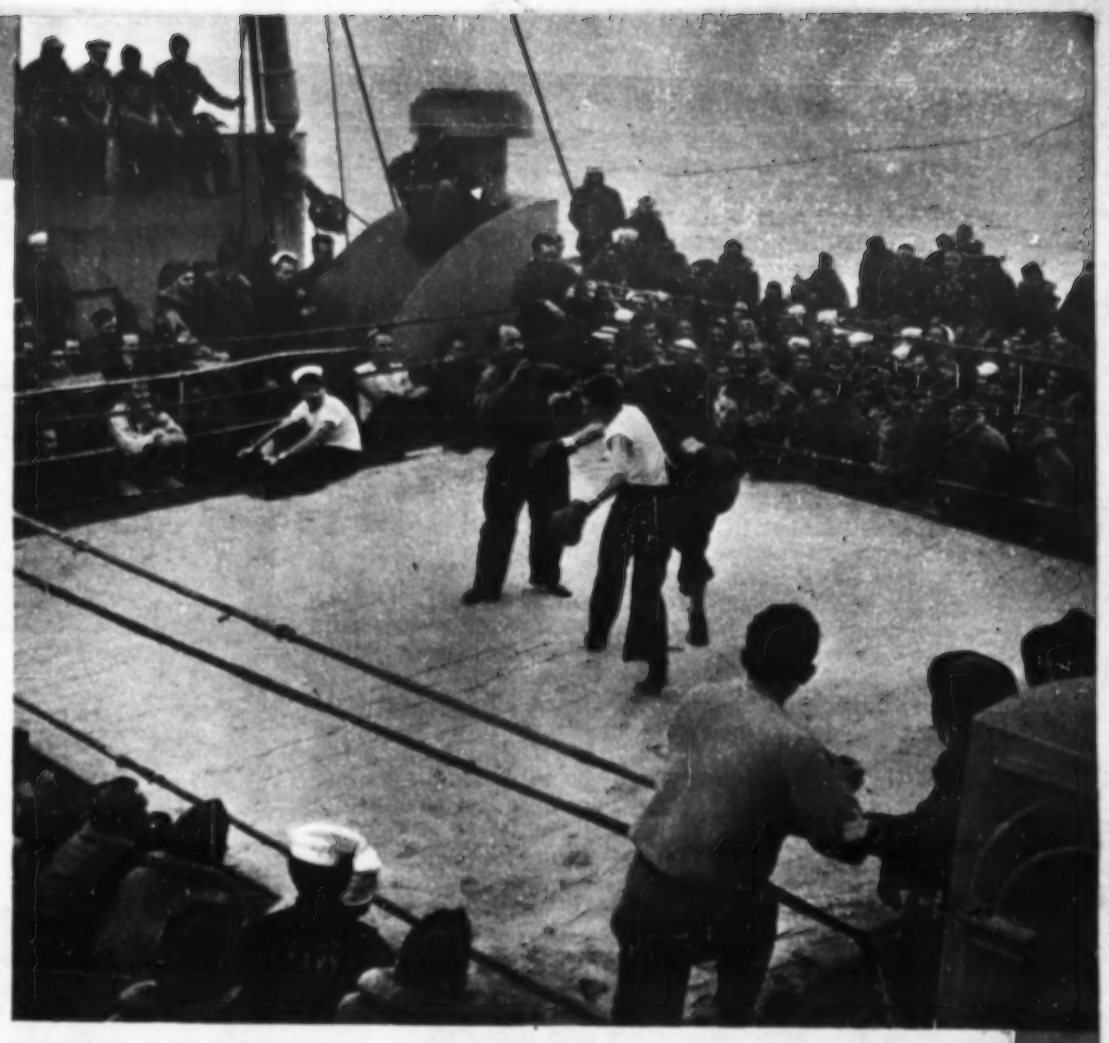
Believe It or Leave It. Richard R. Torruellas CM2c was an architect in Puerto Rico when he read "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines" by Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo. Impressed by the book, Torruellas joined the Seabees. Gen. Romulo returned to the Philippines with Gen. MacArthur after an absence of 2½ years. Torruellas, now a member of a pontoon-causeway unit, was the first man to greet him.

Coxswain Albert F. Keller of Kennett, Mo., was a gunner on a freighter that was rammed and sunk by a Liberty ship a few miles off the coast of New Jersey last June. The ship went down quickly and Keller lost all his gear. Seven months later he returned to the Armed Guard Center in Brooklyn and picked up a package sent to him from California. In it was the suitcase of gear he'd left aboard the sinking freighter.

Donald E. Murphy of Battle Creek, Mich., and Lester R. Ransbottom of Otsego, Mich. stood side by side as they were sworn into the Navy. They went through boot camp together and then boarded the same transport, bound for Guam. Arriving at Guam, they jumped on the same truck headed inland. The truck crashed and together they were carried to the island hospital. Later they were transferred to a ship returning to the States where they lay side by side until the ship docked at San Francisco. When last reported, Damon and Pythias were in adjoining beds in a West Coast hospital.

A new admiral was recently inducted into the Navy—Arthur Admiral AS of Fort Lewis, Wash. Ens. Chester Ensign is attached to the Naval Air Training Base at Pensacola, Fla. Lt. Shippen Geer was recently detached from Third Naval District PRO. And the *Navy Register* lists the captain who will always be a sailor—Capt. Hobart A. Sailor, USN.

—DONALD NUGENT S1c



LETTING OFF STEAM. The sluggers in the center of the ring didn't start this bout for fun, but they put on a good show for a crowd of ETO veterans homeward bound on a Coast Guard transport, the *USS General M. C. Meigs*. Two ship's mess cooks started a private argument in the galley. The chaplain stepped in but couldn't make any headway. Finally the boys were persuaded to settle their differences with gloves on one of the ship's cargo hatches. After half an hour's slugfest they staggered away the best of friends.

BY looking at her picture you might guess that Cindy Garner is the kind of girl who gets where she wants to. She started off as a reporter in her home town of High Point, N. C., and then went clear across the country to get a job as a hat-check girl in a Hollywood night club. Selznick International, with an eye for extra-pretty girls, spotted her there and gave her a contract.

Message Center

S/Sgt. Richard Aronstam, last heard of in England with the Air Corps: write Sgt. Simeon Busenover, 423d AAF BU, Sq. B, Walla Walla, Wash. . . . Joseph A. Beerly of Germantown, Pa., last heard of in Co. H, 18th Inf. at APO 1: write Pfc. Robert L. Lentz, Ward 5, Vaughan Gen. Hosp., Hines, Ill. . . . Anyone having any information concerning Pvt. David Lionel Berman, killed in France, formerly with the Med. Det., 12th Inf., 3d Bn.: write Cpl. Stanley H. Pearline, AACS-AAF Det., 200 Mill Road, Upper Darby, Pa. . . . Edward L. Birchler, last heard of in Co. 364, USNTC, Great Lakes, Ill.: write Sgt. E. L. Murtha, Hq. Co. IRTC, Bldg. 637, Camp Croft, S. C. . . . Lt. Teddy Carp, last heard of in Hawaii: write Pfc. Isidore Friedman, 878th Med. Sup. Det., Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . Anyone having information about Pvt. Jim Costigan, with Btry. G of 13th CA, Pensacola, Fla., in 1942: write Pvt. Tom Quinlan, Co. B, 91st Sig. Bn., Camp Bowie, Tex. . . . Anyone having information concerning Alice Deline S2c, last heard of in USNATC, Norman, Okla., in April 1944: write Lt. H. E. Hargett, Fort Sumner AAF, N. Mex. . . . Anyone having information of F/O Wilfred Desilets, last heard of with 342 Ftr. Sq., 348 Ftr. Gp.: write A/C Clifford M. Auger, 8023, Sq. I, Box A-5, Gunter Field, Ala. . . . Sgt. Frank Fittin, last heard of with 364th Ftr. Gp.: write Lt. A. H. Kahrs, 1440 Canal Bldg., New Orleans, La. . . . Anyone having information about Sgt. Frank Fagan, last heard of in Italy: write Sgt. Charlotte K. Friedly, 600 Buhl Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich. . . . WOJG Thomas E. Finnerty, formerly of the 306th CA Bar. Bln. Bn., San Pedro, Calif., and Fort Custer, Mich., now believed to be in the ETO: write S/Sgt. Bernard E. Fischer, 616th MP Escort Guard Co., Camp Stoneman, Calif. . . . Pvt. J. C. Gordon Jr., last heard of in Det. 53, SFRS, APO 739: write Pvt. J. S. Dudley Jr., Ward 204, Ashford Gen. Hosp., White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. . . . Pvt. Harry Kram, somewhere in the Pacific: write Pvt. George La Marsh, Hq. Det., 228th Bn., Camp Blanding, Fla. . . . Maj. Charles Ladson, former CO of 793d TSS, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.: write Pvt. G. W. Jernigan Jr., Gen. Del., Portal, Ariz. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Sgt. Patrick M. McCarthy, formerly of the 26th Rcn. Troop: write S/Sgt. George B. Spring, 3547 Med. Det., Wakeman Gen. Hosp., Camp Atterbury, Ind. . . . A/C Lorn G. Mahney, last heard of in Class 44-26, Sq. 2 Las Vegas AAF, Nev.: write A/C Raymond G. Cech, Cadet Det., Box 1194, Class 45-1B, Carlsbad AAF, N. Mex. . . . Lt. John G. Oldenbrook, last heard of at Westover Field, Mass., in 1943: write Lt. Melvin W. Norman, Birmingham Gen. Hosp., Van Nuys, Calif. . . . Anyone having any information concerning Maj. R. B. Parrish (now believed to be a Lt. Col.): write Pfc. Aaron O. Kelly, USMC, Rifle Range Det., Box 1169, Parris Island, S. C. . . . Lt. Norman Peterfreund, last heard of in 1943 at APO 8961: write Ens. Jerome P. Friedman, U. S. Army FS 362, Navy 920, San Francisco, Calif. . . . W. C. Pickney, Seabees, last heard of in California: write Cpl. Willie M. Crumbley, WAC Det. No. 3, Regional Hospital, Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . Pvt. Robert Senell, last heard of in Mississippi in December 1944: write Pvt. Lillian Roth, WAC, 1010th AAF Base Unit C, Atlantic City, N. J. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Sgt. James Thomas Suder, APO 454, who was on a transport reported sunk, now reported missing: write Cpl. Margaret Suder, 759 Walnut Drive, Marietta, Ohio. . . . Arnat Vanderburg, last heard of in 1940, then a first lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps, once stationed at the Army Base in Boston, Mass.: write T-5 Donald F. Brackett, Co. D, 80th Bn., 16th Gp., ASFTC, Camp Claiborne, La. . . . S/Sgt. Peter Van Slyck, last heard of in England, now believed to be in the States: write A/C William Strang, Cadet Det., Cl. 45-D, Flt. 7, Bks. 672, La Junta AAF, Colo. . . . Anyone having information concerning Cpl. E. J. Vinci, last heard of in Co. F, 109th Inf.: write Lt. R. Wanamaker, Luke Field, Ariz. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. Thomas C. Wilson, last heard of in France: write Cpl. James F. Vouts, 7th Hq. & Hq. Det., Sp. Trs. Fourth Army, Camp Bowie, Tex.

Handwriting on the Wall

THERE are some things I don't like about the Army. Oh, I know full well that you will hoot at me and call me a liar and prevaricator and not believe me at all, but I feel I must confess to that failing, improbable as it does seem.

Now that I've got that off my chest (leaving only a fatigue shirt and some woolen underwear between me and the winter wind) I can go ahead and tell you about some of the things I dislike.

I don't care for cartoons about signing statements of charges, I don't like to carry a pack and a rifle, I despise physical training, and I do not rave with joy at the mention of bivouac.

But I have two main pet peeves. First, the Army has taught me to eat too fast. In fact, the word "fast" is as big an understatement as the word "_____" in the sentence, "My first sergeant is a _____"

Since entering the armed forces I have learned to devour food with the speed of light, with a quickness and a rapidity which, if transformed to my legs, would enable me to run a 23-second mile. No longer can I dally round the groaning board, spicing the food with light wit and heavy thoughts. No. Now I must make like a steam shovel, excavating the food from tray to gullet with a celerity matched only by the Russian advances.

While this has played havoc with my digestive tract (a play similar in formation to the 6-2-2-1 defense) it has caused me only a fraction of the grief that I get from posters and placards.

I'm sure you are aware of these blatant manifestoes in three and four colors which adorn the walls of day rooms, latrines, orderly rooms and libraries. You know—stuff like a picture of an ape with the caption, "DON'T LET LICE MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF YOU—WASH EVERY DAY."

Well, the point of this blow-up follows immediately. I have seen these displays so often, and the slogans are so catchy, that they have wormed themselves into my speech and form an integral part of my vocabulary. When an officer asks me a question, I find that I answer, "Stoke it—don't choke it" (from the conservation-of-coal series). Sometimes I salute and say, "Don't abuse it—you'll have to use it" (care-and-cleaning-of-the-M1 series) Instead of thinking about my wife, I dream about Margie in the yellow pajamas and the post-war world and War Bonds.

I even think in terms of slogans. I catch myself humming, to that fine old tune, "Dinah," "Nothing could be finer than to have a helmet liner in the mo-o-rning." I turn on the radio and the announcer, to my ears, says, "No shave, no lather, no rubbing. No shave, no sir; it's dubbing."

I went to the medics but they classified me full duty. I talked to the psychiatrist, who was very interested. When he stepped out of the room for a moment, I sneaked a look at his notes and they weren't notes at all. There was a drawing of Wacs, Waves and Spars singing, and the caption bubble showed they were singing "The Army's made a man out of me, a man out of me"!

My friends shun me and I hate myself, but I can't break the habit. I wake up at night and say, "Did anyone ever think of calling OCS the Gold Bar None Ranch?" All my mental pictures are in the form of posters. Like the picture of the typical raw recruit—clothes unpressed, cap askew, straw between the teeth—and the big letters screaming "HALF AN OAF IS BETTER THAN NONE."

"WATER WASTE MEANS WATER SHORTAGE." "NOT THE ENEMY BUT TRENCH FOOT." I tell you, men, it's got me reeling. Right now, while I still retain a toehold on my sanity, I am working on a monstrous, out-sized poster. It will have an OD background and there will be just three objects in the picture. They will be a collar insignia, US, and a collar insignia, EM, and a belt buckle. All will be stained, filthy and as dull as a reading of the *Articles of War*.

The caption? That's simple. Here it is:
"GET OFF YOUR BRASS—AND POLISH IT."

Camp Livingston, La. —S/Sgt. STANLEY MARCULIES

"Hey, soldier, don't you know you're not allowed to thumb rides?" —Sgt. Al Kaelin, Olmsted Field, Pa.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"I see a white card with the letters TS on it."
—Pvt. George Halpern, Dyersburg AAF, Tenn.

You Never Know

PVT. Harry Chesty was tough. He'd a whole lot rather knock you down than look at you.

The postman had a hard time tagging Harry with greetings from FDR. Harry was traveling with the Unkempt Brothers Shows and the shows existed by traveling fast.

Harry did a strong-man act and most people thought it was pretty good. Young sadists from the audience were permitted to drive railroad spikes into his ears. He bounced manhole covers edgewise off his head. He carried a four-door sedan across the stage. When he didn't have any gas on the stomach, he climaxed the act by eating a rare assortment of goldfish bowls, sanitary plumber's equipment and a crosscut saw.

When Harry entered Camp Bandon Hope, he gave the medics a rough hour or two. For one thing, he got a huge boot out of jerking away so that four tetanus needles broke off in his arm. He laughed for days.

One night after completing a 30-mile hike through heavy snow, Harry took off for a dance in a town about 20 miles from camp. He missed the last bus back, so he had to leg it. He dog-trotted so he wouldn't be late for reveille.

Harry got into a lot of fights and broke a number of skulls. He was so tough everyone thought he was headed for a clerk's job in headquarters.

The funny thing about it is, he was.

Harry had a young brother named Puny Chesty, who was emaciated. Puny was hunched over and screwed up from working in an office, and nobody thought he would get into the Army. But he passed his physical somehow. While taking basic training, Puny dropped out on almost every hike and was a regular patron of the sick book.

Pvt. Puny Chesty seemed to be such a poor bet for the Infantry that everyone thought he was headed right for an assignment with the Infantry as a rifleman.

The funny thing about it is, he wasn't. He also was assigned to desk work at headquarters, just like his brother.

So you never know in the Army. That's what we always say. What do you always say?

Camp Breckinridge, Ky. —Sgt. CARL RITTER

MEMORY

There is no beauty like a memory.
There no one dies. The many I have met
Who laughed with me a while, revealed a thought,
Or touched with me the joy of sweet content—
Though in the night they quietly slipped away
Into a thousand fields I'll never see,
They are not gone so far that memory
Will not recall them back to me.

Fletcher General Hospital, Ohio —Sgt. JOSEPHINE PAGLIAI

ACTING NONCOMS!

Are you a member of GI Equity? Do you tread the boards from reveille till retreat?

Are your stripes underripe?

Then you need one of our Little Gem Actor's Aid Kits, complete with every essential stage prop and make-up item.

WHILE THEY LAST!

With each and every order will be included a bevy of bloodhounds for tracking down details and a generous stack of stage money to impress your friends on pay day.

Use

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ACTOR'S AIDS

You owe it to your audience.

—S Sgt. Charles Luchsinger, ASFTC, Jackson, Miss.

SPORTS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

Mel Ott may not finish the season. He, too, is now 1-A.

Ott Looks at His Opposition

THIS is the time of year when all sports columnists are supposed to go into a trance and make with expert opinion about who is going to win the National League pennant. But it so happens that YANK has only one trance on its T/E and it is being used right now by the *What's Your Problem* editor, who went into it two weeks ago trying to find out when the war with Germany was going to end and hasn't been seen since.

So your correspondent decided to turn the task of predicting the National League season over to Mel Ott instead of tackling it himself. We don't need to tell you that Mel is now starting his 20th season as a major-leaguer and his fourth season as manager of the New York Giants. He is 1-A in the draft and wouldn't be at all surprised to find himself soon serving his first season as a private in the Army of the U. S.

Mel thinks that the confused, war-stricken National League situation this year will turn out to be a close, three-cornered battle between the St. Louis Cardinals, the Chicago Cubs and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

He points out that the Cardinals finished 14½ games in front of the Pirates last year, but that they have lost their slugging outfielder, Stan Musial, and that several other Red Birds may have to enter the service some time soon. Best of their new acquisitions is Albert (Red) Schoendienst, who became the International League's batting champion and most valuable player two years ago when he played shortstop for Rochester. Schoendienst was discharged from the Army last summer in time to play 27 games for Rochester. He is now in the process of being converted to a second baseman by Billy Southworth, and will compete with Emil Verban for a regular berth in the St. Louis infield.

"The Cards will be good," Ott says, "but not as good as they were last year."

A 14-day winning streak of the Pirates last August, which brought 17 victories against one defeat, enabled them to take second place a game and a half in front of the Cincinnati Reds. Frankie Frisch has virtually the same team back in Pittsburgh this spring.

"The Cubs must be good," said Mel, "when they can afford to lose an outfielder like Dallessandro in the draft, release Ival Goodman to manage Portsmouth and let Los Angeles have Novikoff. Novikoff is no great outfielder, but he hits a long ball, and a lot of clubs could use him if they could get him."

Ott thinks the chances of the rest of the clubs in the National League will depend on the strength of their reserves. "In this kind of wartime baseball you have to prepare for a lot of injuries," he says. "Players are out with injuries oftener than usual because they're older and don't recover as fast. On the other hand, there's such a shortage of men that players on the active list sometimes have to stay in the line-up when they should be resting.

"Last year my whole team took turns being out. Weintraub, Reyes, Medwick and Lombardi were injured during the most important part of the season. I sprained my ankle. A few years ago I would have been back in the line-up in a couple of days, but I was out six weeks. We brought Treadway up from Jersey City to relax some of the pressure, but then he got hurt. If it hadn't been for all those injuries, I honestly think we might have finished fourth." The Giants finished fifth in 1944, eight games behind the fourth-place Cubs and two games in front of the struggling Boston Braves.

Mel thinks that the Giants' prospects are the best since they finished third in 1942, but he has too many TS slips to believe they will be fighting for the pennant. He doesn't know how long Buddy Kerr is going to be around to play shortstop. And he doesn't know how much longer he can stand Danny Gardella, his screwy outfielder, who, despite another year of discipline at Jersey City, has a mouth as loud as ever. Mel has many other personnel problems, but he doesn't want to bore you with them.

The Braves have good pitching and catching but nothing much in the infield. The Phillies are trying out a flock of youngsters, but the tip-off on them is that they have induced Jimmy Foxx to come out of retirement and have given old Gus Mancuso a contract.

THERE was a time when any kind of ball player who donned a uniform could land a spot on an Army camp or regimental team, but not since they started inducting reexamined 4-F athletes at a 50-percent rate. A story now going the rounds concerns a player who entered the service recently and refused to draw a rifle at the induction center. "I'm a ball player," he protested.

"I've seen you play, Bud," the tough supply sergeant told him, "and take it from me, you're gonna need a rifle."

TWO EX-CHAMPS. Comdr. Jack Dempsey of the U. S. Coast Guard runs into another former heavyweight titleholder, Capt. Jim Braddock of Army Transportation Corps, somewhere in Hawaii.

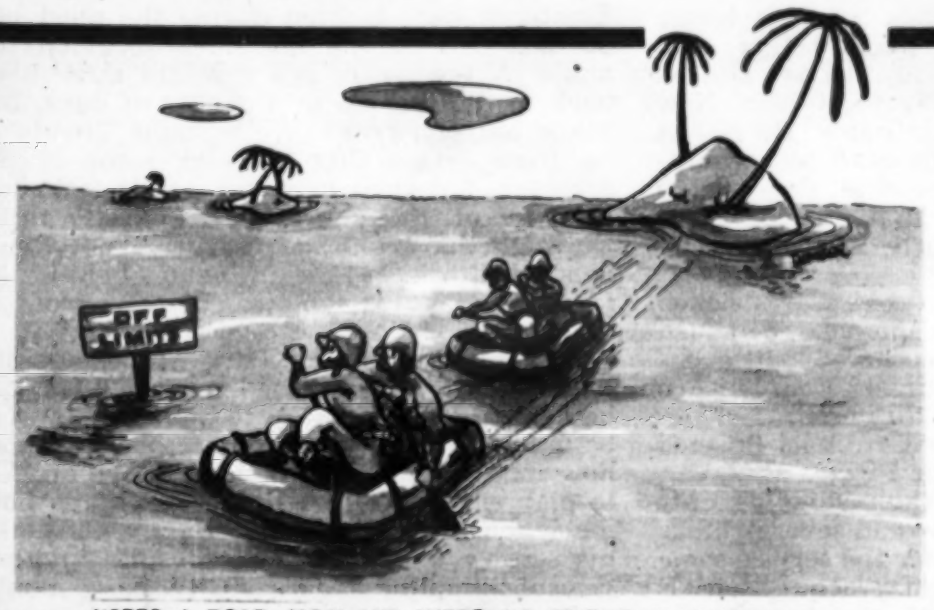
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

CHICAGO is a wonderful city, according to **Cpl. Erwin Werth.** While he was waiting to buy a ticket for the Chicago Blackhawks-Montreal Canadiens hockey game a man approached him and asked, "Are you alone?" When Werth said he was, the guy handed him a $2 ticket and said, "Here, I'm giving these to servicemen." While Werth was still examining the ticket to see if it was real, another man rushed up, grabbed the ticket, handed him another, went away and returned in a short time with a $2 refund for the first ticket. . . . **Sgt. Gerry Priddy,** former Washington Senators infielder who has been playing ball in the Pacific, is in the Army and Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark., suffering from arthritis. . . . **Tex Hughson,** former Red Sox pitcher, and **Enos Slaughter** and **Howie Pollet,** ex-St. Louis Cards, are on their way to the Pacific to join the Army baseball team there. . . . Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. [Dem., N. Y.] has asked President Roosevelt to make **Sgt. Joe Louis** a commissioned officer. . . . **Lt. Edward W. (Wes) Schulmerich,** former big-league outfielder who reported to Chapel Hill last fall after service in the Pacific, will coach the North Carolina Pre-Flight nine this year. . . . **Charley Soleau,** quarterback on Andy Kerr's undefeated, untied, unscored-upon and uninvited Colgate eleven of 1932, is a lieutenant in the Navy at Port Lyautey in North Africa.

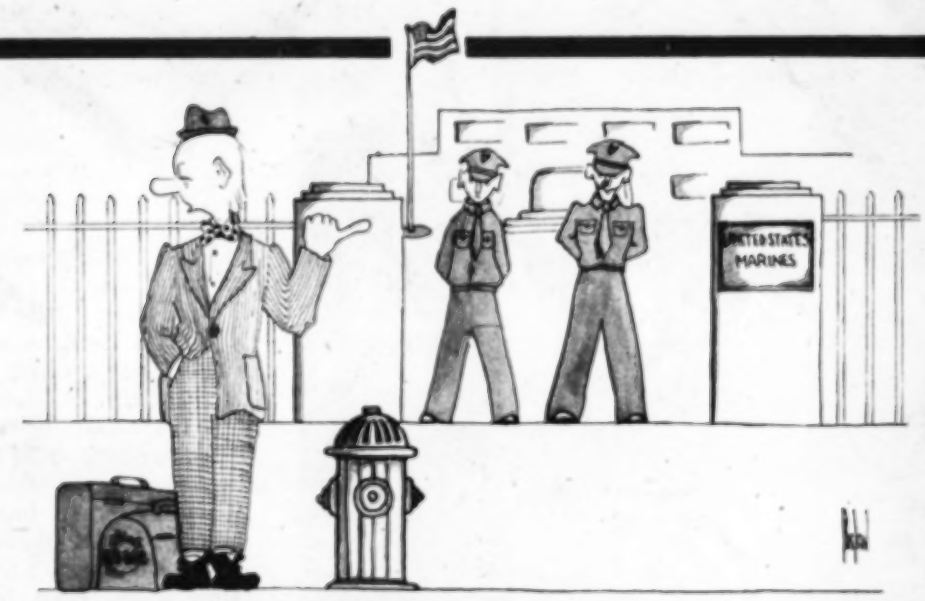
Rejected: **Mike Garback,** New York Yankees catcher; **Ernie Steele,** Philadelphia Eagles halfback. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Bob Herwig,** USMC, former U of California All-American center and husband of Kathleen Winsor, author of "Forever Amber," with the Navy Cross for services in the Pacific. . . . *Inducted:* **Eddie Joost,** Boston Braves second baseman; **Harry Gumbert,** Cincinnati Reds pitcher; and **Dominic Dallessandro,** Chicago Cubs outfielder. . . . *Wounded:* **Lt. Si Titus,** USMC, former Holy Cross and Brooklyn Dodgers lineman, on Iwo Jima. . . . *Discharged:* **Harry Kline,** ex-New York Giants end, by the Navy after being awarded the Purple Heart; **Jimmy Thompson,** long-hitting golf pro, also by the Navy. . . . *Hospitalized:* **Lynwood (Schoolboy) Rowe,** the former speedball pitching star of the Detroit Tigers, in Pearl Harbor with arthritis contracted while serving as a seaman first class in the Pacific.

"IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF MAKING A BETTER MOUSE TRAP."
—Pfc. Walter Mansfield

"PIPE DOWN, MAHONEY. WANNA GIVE AWAY OUR POSITION TO THE ENEMY?"
—S/Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"SEE? I TOLD YOU WE WERE IN FRIENDLY WATERS."
—Cpl. Sol Dember



"I THINK THAT ARGUMENT WITH THE COLONEL MUST HAVE UPSET STANLEY A LITTLE."
—William J. Phelan SA(D)3c

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"HOPE WE MAKE NEW YORK TOMORROW. THIS IS THE LAST CLEAN SHIRT I'VE GOT."
—T-5 Steve Milliken